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BY JAMES C. HASSON.

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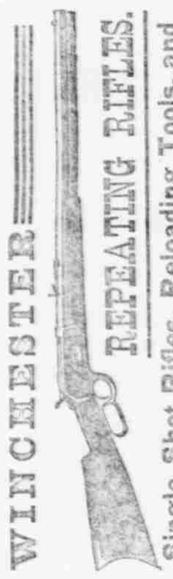

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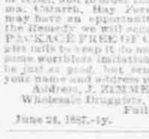

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A BOY KING.

A Historical Sketch for Boys.

In striking contrast to the present Emperor of Germany, who did not reach the throne till past middle life, stands Louis XV, of France, who had the cares of royalty thrust upon him at the age of five.

There is much in the youth of "the boy king," as he is called, that is both pleasing and instructive, and he is one of the few monarchs whose names have come down to us linked to the fame of their tutors.

Louis' teacher was the great Fenelon, but more of him by-and-by.

The boy king was the great-grandson of Louis XIV, surnamed Le Grand. His father was Louis, Duke of Burgundy, and the grandson of the famous Maria Theresa.

During his last days the old king, Louis XIV, bestowed much attention on the little boy destined to succeed him, and the two were often together.

Once the boy was presented to an assembly of the clergy by the failing monarch, with words which at the time struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the French people:

"Here is a prince who will succeed me before long. By his virtue and piety he will render the church still more flourishing and the kingdom more happy."

Such was the wish of all, and for a few years it was religiously cherished; but the time was to come when the boy king, lying on his death-bed, was to wish in vain for the sympathy of his people.

The French court in those days (Louis XIV died in 1715) was dark with intrigue and infected with corruption. There were different political parties at constant war with one another, and little Louis found himself in anything but a pure atmosphere.

The Duke of Orleans had been appointed regent. He was a crafty man, whose sole ambition seems to have been greed for power, and he naturally drew about him men of his own stamp.

The young king thought more of a child's playthings than of the affairs of state. He was fonder of romping through the palace than of hearing the nobles discuss diplomacy in the ministers' apartments. He would sometimes break in upon an august council with a toy cannon at his heels, and shock the ladies of the court by an outburst of boyish laughter.

I wish I could say that Louis was a model boy in every respect, but I cannot. The chronicles of the times accord to him a violent temper, which he sometimes indulged without restraint. He was a boy king, and had to be humored.

There were two very important events in the life of the young monarch. One time he fell ill, and the physicians startled Paris by pronouncing him dangerously so.

His sickness lasted some days before he began to mend, and when he was convalescent, *Te Deums* were chanted in honor of the event. All Paris swarmed in front of the palace, and the day was made one of great rejoicing.

The overjoyed people threw up their hats and called for the boy king. He was asked to come forth on the balcony, but, having little care for the people for he was soon to govern in earnest, he hid himself.

Old Marshal Villeroy, who had been one of his great-grandfather's soldiers, drew him from his retreat, and brought him before the cheering crowds in the court.

"Look at this company of people," said the soldier. "All are yours; they all belong to you. You are their master."

Think of a self-willed boy being told that the people of Paris belonged to him!

Is it a wonder that the boy king laid the foundations of the Reign of Terror before he died?

The boy king was about seven years of age when one of the most distinguished sovereigns of the world arrived in France. This was Peter the Great, of Russia.

The renowned Czar was a "singular admixture of military and barbaric roughness, with the natural grandeur of a conqueror and the creator of an empire;" and as such he aroused great excitement wherever he went.

Louis had heard a great deal about this crowned giant of the North, and, boylike, burned to see him.

When the long-looked-for meeting took place, Peter advanced toward little Louis, who looked like a real king in ruffles, lace and sword, picked him up in his arms and kissed him over and over again.

One of the old historians says that Peter did this "with an air of tenderness and politeness which was full of nature, and nevertheless intermixed with a something of grandeur, equality of rank and slightly superiority of age, for all that was distinctly perceptible."

More than once afterward the Czar and the boy king met, and Louis is said to have shed tears when the time came for the Russian to return to his empire.

It is probable that Peter soon forgot his youngest royal brother, but Louis kept the visit as a pleasant memory.

The school-days of the boy king of France link his name to that of the greatest teacher of the age—Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray.

He was noted for his gentle life and pure literary productions, and was the proper person to fit a young king to be a just and pure minded ruler.

In 1689, Fenelon was chosen tutor of the young king, and for six years he made his task a labor of love. Louis had his faults, one of which was an ungovernable temper, which at times the charming Fenelon could not curb.

As the relations of teacher and pupil progressed, the boy gradually lost this wild temper. Several times he broke the clocks which summoned him to the school-room, and when the rain interfered with some outdoor pleasure, he flew into a rage that bordered on madness.

Many pleasant stories are related of this period of the boy king's life.

His title was Duke of Burgundy.

At one time, when Fenelon reproved him for a bad breach of decorum, he exclaimed, petulantly, to his teacher:

"I know what I am, and I also know what you are!"

These "mad fits," as they are called, gave way under the mild sway of the schoolmaster.

Fenelon wrote his famous "*Telemaque*," now a French text-book, with a view to training his little pupil's mind in the principles of virtue.

Sometimes, after one of his outbursts of temper, Louis would exclaim in tears to Fenelon:

"I will leave the Duke of Burgundy behind the door when I am with you, and will be only your little Louis!"

There is no telling what would have been the final results of Fenelon's teaching if he had been permitted to remain longer with the boy king.

[illegible] against the teacher, and he was driven from the court. Louis then fell into the hands of those incompetent to train him. The precepts of Fenelon were thrown aside, and in a short time the boy king lost all he had gained.

While he was still a boy the royal match-makers of France married him to Marie Leczinska, the daughter of Stanislaus, the dispossessed King of Poland.

The princess is described as being "a good, simple creature, without wit or beauty," and it is doubtful whether Louis ever had any affection for her.

When he reached his majority he was crowned with great ceremony, and for fifty years reigned over the French people.

We cannot follow him beyond his boyhood days further than to say that his reign was not a happy one—that it was filled with war, intrigue and all manner of evil.

His grandson Louis became the celebrated Louis XVI, who recognized the independence of the United States during the Revolution, and who afterward, with his queen, Marie Antoinette, suffered death by the guillotine in the Reign of Terror.

The boy king, for this name clung to Louis XV to the last, died of smallpox May 10, 1774; and the same France which saw him promise so well under the wise teachings of Fenelon, shed not a tear at his death.

J. C. HASSAUGH.

OUR FIRST HUNDRED.

A correspondent of the Manchester *Mirror* writes: I was a mechanic. I am a farmer now, and have been for many years. I was a good workman, and had constant employment except when work was slack. I one day said to my young wife,—

"I never shall be anything but another man's servant unless we accumulate some capital."

Quick came the response,—

"Well, accumulate some then; I will help you."

That response was the making of our fortune. After talking the matter over we agreed not to stint ourselves in food, clothing, books and news-papers, but to avoid all waste, to make no foolish purchases, to shun balls, parties and excursions, and buy no rum, tobacco, or cigars. It did not take a long argument to convince me that to set fire to a ten cent piece and burn it up was not the way to have it in my pocket. And from that day to this, I have never spent a cent in tobacco in any form. The money I did not spend would buy a span of good horses.

My wife laughingly said she had heard of people putting their savings into an old stocking, and we would have a stocking to put ours in. I drew my wages weekly, and on the Saturday she following she dropped a silver dollar into it. It fell down silently. On the following Saturday another went in, it clinked; my wife looked up and smiled at the sound. Week after week in went the dollar, sometimes two. At length she had lost the count, and after the children were put to bed and the door fastened to insure secrecy, she emptied the contents and we counted seventeen dollars; three dollars were added to make twenty. The same plan was followed until we had forty dollars. Then my wife said,—

"If you will let me manage this thing I will show you what I can do."

I consented, and she bade me go to the grocer man and ask what discount he would make on a bill of thirty dollars for family groceries.

"Ten per cent," the grocer replied.

She made out a list to the amount, and when I handed it to him and the money, he gave me back three dollars, and sent the goods. That was a great event in our lives.

"You'll find," said she, "that I shall not use them more freely than if they were bought in driblets at a higher price."

She turned the three silver dollars over in her hand and a smile overspread her face that was worth more than three dollars to see. She had justified herself to herself and proved to me that she had a business capacity. From that, time she made all of our purchases, and I never had cause to regret having trusted her. In a short time the old stocking was replaced, for the whole of several weeks' wages went into it.

We were very careful now to draw the blinds closely, fasten the doors and speak in whispers, so that our neighbors should not suspect how rich we were. The old stocking grew to be quite heavy and went down with a thud that was very pleasant to hear. Soon we had sixty—seventy—eighty dollars. How rich we were! And duty as the weeks came round the counting was renewed. Our happiest hours, now, were those in which we lingered over our treasure. My wife, I think, liked to finger the shining metal, and truly I was nothing loath. The nearer the end the more anxious we were to attain it; we grew feverish—pinched a little, I think, and we counted ninety-five dollars. At the end of the next week, in went the other five and the work was done. We counted it over two or three times—yes, it was all there. To prolong the pleasure my wife pretended that she had made a mistake, or might have made one, and it would never do to find it short when counted again. So we lingered over the last counting. Then her eyes met mine, and "Thank God!" she exclaimed; and I, as thankful, added "Amen." You smile! Well, perhaps you came into property without effort, but just think of a poor fellow who had never owned one hundred dollars clear in his whole life sitting before a pile of silver—his own earnings, and across the table a lovely woman, the cause of it all, wouldn't he smile?

I jumped up and kissed her dear lips. They are silent now, and I am growing old. But that night we were the happiest couple in New England. We counted our savings by thousands afterward, but never again could we taste the delicious joy of that hour in which we counted our first hundred.

The Jews of Russia.

There are three millions of Jews in the southern and western sections of Russia. They are most numerous in Lithuania and White Russia. They prefer to live in villages or towns that are not seats of government, and in Wilna they form ninety-two per cent. of the population. They purchase or lease large areas of land. These lands they do not cultivate themselves, but sublet them in small lots to the peasants. Their profits as middlemen have hitherto been very large. In Bessarabia they have obtained long leases of agricultural land belonging to some foreign convents which they have sublet at high rates. In Podolia almost all the large estates situated in the basins of the affluents of the Dniester, are held by Jews at long terms. The soil is exhausted after five or ten years' cropping, and within the last decade there has been a fall of thirty per cent. in the value of landed property.

Slaughter of Song Birds.

Statistics are rolling up to a frightful extent in regard to the wholesale slaughter of our song birds. A single village, we are told, shipped from 50,000 to 80,000 birds during the last summer. A woman agent way down in Maryland has been known to collect 50,000 birds, many of them the charming Baltimore oriole, to send to Paris in a single season. At times when the market is active, from 5000 to 10,000 slaughtered birds are received in New York City daily. The breeding places of large numbers of birds, the sea island along the coast, are almost depopulated of songsters.

THE NEST IN THE GROVE.

"Love took up the harp of life
And smote on all the chords with might."
—*Tennyson.*

I do not know why I should call it a nest, for it is only a little bit of a cottage with a red roof and narrow windows, a modern Queen Anne, and a very modern and wholly anomalous edition at that. But there are two young birds who have gone to live there, and such a billing and cooing as they have kept up, since they came, reminds me of a pair of thrushes that always nest in my orchard, so I call them the "honey birds" and the cottage "the Nest."

The grove is not exactly a grove, but a lawn with a great many elms, and maples and birches scattered over it. In summer time it looks like a perfect wood, and the red roof and the little stained glass windows are almost hidden under a canopy of green.

"My "lovely birds" are married, of course,—married so short a time ago that they have not yet forgotten the fact, as most married folks do. Jack—that is, "he"—is a teller in a bank, and Bessie—that is, "she"—never was anything in particular, except a spoiled darling; and now that she is married she is worse spoiled than ever.

I ought not to be watching them, I suppose, but I can't help it. When I sit at my window, in the evening, I cannot help looking right down into the grove, and, of course, I can't help seeing the happy young people, as they walk up and down on the grass under the trees, and, inasmuch as I have no natural closets to my ears, it is impossible that, now and then, I should not hear what the honey birds say. Watching without meaning to, and listening without being able to help it, I have come to certain conclusions about young married love. And they are such as follow:

The bliss of the honeymoon is something altogether different from the bliss of the lover, which precedes it, and from the bliss of settled married life, which follows it. It is a period of revelation. Before it begins—unless the engagement has been a phenomenally long one—neither of the young people knows the other, except in the most superficial sense. It could not be otherwise. But now each has taken the golden key of marriage, and unlocked the other's heart, and is peering in. Everything, everything depends upon what is seen just in this little time, when the moral panorama is unfolding. Is it any wonder that the bliss of the honeymoon should be something perilously fascinating? Everybody knows the pleasure of discovery—and here is a voyage into the most beautiful and marvellous region known to man, the region of the soul!

From observing the honey birds I know that they have met with some strange surprises, in their mutual voyage. Jack has said, "Oh!" a great many times, with a great many inflections, and sometimes he has been strangely silent. All the time he was learning new things about Bessie. And Bessie on her part, has looked up with such surprise, and has looked down with so much of reflection! She has laughed so strangely, and sometimes so wonderfully hopefully; and then again—shall I say it?—she has cried!

They are learning each other. God grant they may learn nothing amiss! They are feeling the wonderful charm of a wonderful voyage into a wonderful region. God grant neither of the little silken-sailed barques may overset!

Again, I have concluded that young married people must quarrel some—or be forever miserable. Jack and Bessie quarrel,—indeed, they do. Jack don't like Bessie's way of dressing her hair. Bessie wants Jack to cut off his whiskers. Neither will yield the point. There are a thousand other little things that set them at swords' points. But I have always noticed that after a quarrel they are as happy as two birds after a shower. I can always tell the smack of Jack's kiss when they are "making up." It is a rapturous sound. There is some motive and purpose to it. 'Tis not a kiss for kissing's sake. And if it must be repeated as often the case, to kiss a tear from Bessie's cheek, it is enough to thrill the nerves of the most mummified old heathen that ever frowned on youthful lovers. Tell me there is not grace in lover's quarrels! I tell you there is grace and necessity, too.

I have been impressed with the fact that young married people are not silly as lovers are. The common impression of a honeymoon is that it is a period of unlimited saccharine foolishness, which must disgust an impartial observer. False, false—utterly false! There is something so sacred about this season of mutual revelation that the "ducky" and "pootsey-wootsey" characteristics given it by old bachelor writers, who love to make fun of what they have foolishly thrown away, are wholly irrelevant and are seldom met with in real life. It is holy confidence, it is sweet communion, between man and wife. It is "dearest" instead of "ducky," "my love" instead of "pootsey-wootsey,"—at least, so it is with Jack and Bessie. I do not hear Jack paying silly compliments; I do not hear Bessie acknowledging them with senseless giggling. These are the things of the days long ago. True romance takes the foolishness out of the most foolish heart. One peep into another's soul, and you do not have to play with the eyes for secret meanings.

I do not know as I ought to have said what I have about the proprietors of the Nest in the Grove. I almost hope that the reader, seeing the non-communicative title of this paper, will pass it over, not knowing the breach of confidence it discloses. And I particularly beseech the editor not to send a marked copy to Jack and Bessie; they might, being very much engaged with other things, skip an article that purported to tell only about birds.

Pearl Paulmer.

What the Volunteer Does.

All accounts agree that General Paine's new yacht, the Volunteer, is a wonder. She stands up "like a church," "like a house," and like various other things that are supposed to be particularly erect. She cuts the water like a knife, leaves no more wake than a match, and sails dead into the wind's eye. We can tell better about all these things when she—if one may call a thing "she" that has such a name—gets alongside the Mayflower. Whether she is a better boat than last year's champion or not, everybody will be glad to hear that she has proved capable of giving the best of our present boats a hard tussle. The cup race promises, when it comes, to be even more interesting than the Puritan-Genesta contest.

The White House at Washington, D. C.

The White House at Washington, D. C., is 170 feet long by 86 feet wide. The largest apartment, known as the east room, is 80 by 40 feet in dimensions and 22 feet high. The adjoining blue room, finished in blue and gold, is devoted to receptions, diplomatic and social. The green and red rooms, so called from their finishing, are each 30 by 20 feet. The rooms on the second floor are occupied by the executive office and the apartments of the President's family.

FISHING IN GALVESTON BAY.

Towed by a Grandduquois.—An Old Fisherman's Tales.

"Many a time," said a solitary fisherman on a barge moored to the wharf, "have I pulled up anchor when fishing in a small skiff near the quarantine station to allow the boat to be pulled along by some huge fish that I had hooked. I remember well the surprise I created one time by calmly sitting back in the stern of my boat and waiting to see where his fishship was going to take me. It happened to be what they call a grandduquois—a rascally pirate that always gets away with your line—and I think that fish was pretty well disgusted. We ran all over the bay—sometimes toward Bolivar, then toward Pelican—and once or twice the grandduquois got mad and tried to pull the boat under, but that was a little too much for him. Then he got so mad that he jumped clean out of the water and furiously lashed his tail.

That settled it, for he broke the line, and I spent exactly ten minutes in cursing the fish, for it left me nearly two miles away from the quarantine station, and it was not so pleasant to row in here in the hot sun for a fat man like myself. (The speaker weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds.)

"At that time," continued the fisherman, "the grandduquois was as dangerous as it was piratical. I say 'at that time' for I haven't seen or heard of one in the past four years. Several serious mishaps occurred during one of these fishing seasons.

A party rigged up a line for the express purpose of landing a grandduquois in the boat. Well, it was one of the mistakes in life that people will frequently make, and I guess they thought so, too. I was out fishing that morning as usual in my skiff, loafing my reel-post and conjuring up visions of trout and other game fish when the grandduquois party came along. They yelled out to me that they meant to show the grandduquois that he wasn't boss of the waters, and I told them that I hoped they'd succeed—while I knew they would not.

Pretty soon a violent yell told me that something had transpired, and looking around I saw the boat that had just passed me skimming through the water at a lively rate, and a grandduquois was pulling it. The man in the boat were shouting and wildly gesticulating, and I was wondering what caused so much excitement, for hooking a grandduquois was quite common. But I soon had the cause explained. One man who had been holding the line had rolled it to his wrist, and the fish had pulled his arm way down into the water. But instead of cutting the line they tried to pull in the fish to the very natural discomfiture of the man who, from the expression of his face, was wishing the fish in Halifax, or some other hotter place.

Perseverance was ultimately rewarded, however, and, with superhuman efforts they landed the fish in the boat and, quicker than you could say Jack Robinson, the fish flopped down with his tail and the men went flying over it sideand the other. Soon at a distance, the scene was enough to convulse any one with laughter, for it was extremely funny to see the men flopping out of the boat so unceremoniously, and to see fishing tackle and baskets follow in the manner. That was ultimately the grandduquois, being about six feet in length, and it was fortunate the men were but on the lower portion of the body, or they might have been stunned into unconsciousness. The grandduquois upset the boat in trying to flop himself out, and I pulled up and took in the hapless fishermen. They let grandduquois severely alone after that. What was it like? Well, in general appearance, it resembles the alligator gar, with the exception of the mouth, which is not as sharp as that of the gar. The grandduquois, however, is just as voracious and ugly a customer as one would care to meet in Galveston Bay if he took a sudden desire to attack you.

"There are very few Spanish mackerel caught now. I believe that more genuine pleasure is derived from catching a Spanish mackerel than any other game fish. I tell you it is simply glorious! You fish them by either trolling or letting the line sink to a certain depth beneath the surface—say about four feet. Fresh bait is absolutely essential in fishing for Spanish mackerel, and you must have a live minnow or a live shrimp. You let the bait sink four feet and gradually allow the line to slip away an inch at a time. A piece of wood or a cork from a bottle will suffice for a float, upon which you must keep your eyes riveted all the time. Spanish mackerel, like most of the trout family, always bite when on the run, and when your float shoots under the blue water a school of mackerel has just sped by. They don't stop at all—just scoop in the bait and keep right on. Your line suddenly grows taut and you begin to pull in, gently at first, but quickly and firmly afterward. While you're drawing him toward the boat he jumps up out of the water repeatedly, performing the beautiful and graceful curves for which they are noted. No true sportsman will play with the Spanish mackerel if he can possibly if he has him firmly hooked, and thus derive one of the keenest thrills of pleasure known to seekers after the finny tribe. Spanish mackerel are found in all Southern waters, and derive their name, I think, from having been first seen in the Mediterranean, off the Spanish coast."

Story of Abdel Kader.

Some of the imposing figures among the Moors involuntarily recall the Ideal of Othello or the traditionally enormous stature of Abdel Kader, the chief of the Moors when the Duke Louis Philipp invaded Algiers. The following incident told me by a gentleman that had seen the great Moor, is worthy of preserving, although it bears reference to the large size of Abdel Kader's fortune rather than his figure. When the French under Louis Philipp were besieging Algiers, Abdel Kader, being hard pressed for funds to continue the war, is said to have resorted to the following expedient: Having converted his entire fortune into small coin, he secretly carried it with the assistance of two of his servants to a remote spot in the desert. His fortune being piled up formed an immense heap of small coin. He thereupon with the promptness truly characteristic of Oriental manners, killed his servants in order to guard his secret; and on returning to his home withdrew into seclusion under the pretense, that an inspiration necessitated his communion with the Holy Prophet. After a few days he came forth and proclaimed that Mohammet had indicated to him the existence of an immense treasure in the desert, composed of blessed coin of which the people should each have one piece and give in return therefor as large a contribution as possible to the war-fund. Accompanied by a large cortege he then ostensibly corroborated his divination by going to the spot where he had deposited his fortune. He thus gained the confidence of the people through their superstition, and was enabled by the liberal contributions which poured in from all sides, to carry on a vigorous though futile campaign against the French.

ALWAYS ON THE GO.

Why Trainmen Stick to a Hard and Dangerous Life.

"We see many strange things in our life and many strange people. But for that existence would be a burden, and you could not get a man to run on the road at all, for the pay is not great and the danger is not a little."

He was a trainman on one of the many roads that run out of Buffalo, and had just finished his supper and was quietly enjoying a cigar. The girl next door was trying to strike up a flirtation with him, but in vain. Nor did she show poor taste. He was young, tall, fair-looking, with an athletic frame and a pair of honest, fearless blue eyes that compelled respect from men and won the hearts of women. He was in a talkative mood and went on, puffing now and then to keep his cigar going.

"I don't know why it is, but I am never contented except when I am on the move. I may be dull and depressed when down town, but the moment the conductor calls out 'All aboard!' and the engine pulls out I forget every thing except the jostle, rumble, roar and the swaying of the train. The rapid motion has an exhilarating effect, and as the trees and fields whiz by my blood begins to tingle.

"Then a man makes friends at every stopping place, and there is always some one to say 'good-day' and 'good-by' at every station. You are always on the go, and there are always old friends and new faces at every turn. I like the life, and it is the excitement in it that keeps so many men fast down to it. You must not think we could not do better. Why, I have quit two or three times, and I did well, but I could not stand it, so I returned to the life again. Promotion is slow but sure, and each of us knows that a conductor's punch will surely come in time if we do our duty. It is all very well to talk of soulless corporations, but a railroad appreciates an honest employe just as much, if not more, than a bank president does an efficient clerk."

FLIRTATIONS AND FREE TRIPS.

"'I don't know why it is,' he went on, after a few vigorous puffs, 'but the brakeman—or trainman, as he is now called—is a greater favorite than the conductor. The shy country lass or the village maid and the aristocratic lady all take to us. Our region is to me most obliging. We have lots of the cares that annoy the conductor from me just trying to beat us, and we have no quarrels with the passengers. It is necessary to put up at the boarding-houses but I think even there we are favored. Now and then one yields to a gentle flirtation, but in no good a judge of human nature to be deceived often. I often think that if the officials had to be tried and tempted as the trainmen are they would make as many mistakes in the head and heart. I will give you one pointer—if you wish to get a wife make your talk to the conductor before you board the train. He will do just as much for you then as he will when you strike him on board. A man who is honest never gets aboard and tries to beat his way, and no one knows this better than the conductor."

PETS AND FAVORS.

"No, we seldom get tips," he continued, "and a great many of us never take them. Of course, we can pick up many cheats, but they are more in the line of sociability than any thing else. We have so many friends along the road that they are always doing something out of the kind. I know one day I returned a book to an old gentlemen who had left it in his seat as he changed cars here; he offered me half a dollar, which I refused. He then thanked me very gracefully, with a marked English accent. I found out afterward he was Herbert Spencer. I was glad then I refused the 'tip.'"

A DYING SCHOOL GIRL.

"I can give you another instance," he said, after another struggle with his cigar, and that happened between here and Syracuse. We pulled out one night, and as I walked through the car I saw a young girl with a pinched face, dark sad eyes and a hacking cough. I saw that she was a consumptive and I made up my mind that she was hurrying home to die. I was all sympathy at once and made up my mind that I would keep track of her and see that her journey was as pleasant as possible. We whirled along and as I went by her I saw that she was suffering. I proffered my services and she said she wanted a cup of water. I got it and then I fixed the seats and made her a bed. I gave her all the help I could and she finally told me her story. She said she had been a student at the Normal school at Albany, but she had broken down during the course of study. Now, I had a cousin there and I told her so, and she knew her. She became more confidential and told me she was going home to die, and that the doctors had told her she could live six months. When we parted I turned her over to the conductor on the next run who had at one time been a trainsman with me. I never saw her again."

REWARD.

"It was a good six months afterward," he said, as he lighted his cigar, which had gone out, "when I heard that there was a reward offered to the trainman who had been kind to a sick lady on his train. I thought of my adventure, but I made up my mind that I was not the lucky man. Now, all the boys had a sick passenger, but none got the reward. One day, in Syracuse, a man came up and began to talk with me about my sick passenger, and wanted a description. I am a good hand at remembering names and faces, and I told him about her pinched face and her eyes and cough, as I have told you. He told me that I was the man he was looking for, but wanted me to tell how she was dressed, and I did not miss that. Then he informed me that she had requested on her death-bed that I should be well rewarded for my kindness. He told me that she had a little money, but that her mother was in rather poor circumstances. I am not very saving anyway, but I have enough for my ordinary expenses. I thought of my own mother, and then I made up my mind that I did not want any reward, and I told them so. I knew that she was grateful, and I told them I did not value the reward half as much as I did her remembrance of me. "I never got the reward," he added, with an attempt at a smile, "and these are the only tips that I ever received. But I must report for this train, so that if the other man can't go I may take his run. If you ever take a run down our road go on our train. I will try and make it pleasant for you."

A New Game.

Since the Wild West show has captured London a new and deadly game has been introduced among the youth of that city called "buffalo bill." The facts were brought out at the inquest held on the body of a boy named Grant, who died from injuries received in playing it. Inspector Bryan testified that in this "game" the boy who was the "buffalo" had to allow the other boys to butt him in the stomach after which all of them ran away and the "buffalo" gave chase, and the boy whom he caught had to be buffalo next.

A PRETTY TOUGH YARN.

The Truthful Mariner of the Lakes Outdone Himself.

"Talking about life-preservers," said the truthful mariner as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, "you remember the old steamer Roustabout that used to run from Buffalo to Chicago. I was mate on her the year before she was lost. We were about sixty miles out from Chicago when Mike Lanagan, who was doing something up on the roof, fell, struck on his head on the roof of the cabin, and bounced clean out into the lake. Well, the captain he seen him fall and stopped and backed the old Roustabout quicker'n you could say 'scat.' Mike went down like a plummet, for he was knocked insensible and I know'd there was no use to have a life preserver for him, so I jest hurried on the boys in getting the boat down, although I didn't expect it 'ud do much good. We had Jim King on board. Passenger from Chicago. You remember Jim King, don't you?"

"Can't say that I do, replied a bystander.

"Well, Jim was champion quoit-thrower in them days. He's dead now, poor fellow, but Jim was a boss on throwing quoits. I tell you quoits were a great game in them days. Every village had its quoit club, and the boys on the farms used to throw horseshoes. It was somethin' like base-ball in these times, although I never could see as much fun in base-ball as I could see in a good game of quoits."

"O, come off," cried the impatient listener. "What did Jim do, or did he do any thing? Did the man drown?"

"Now, don't be too fly. Who's tellin' this yarn?"

"Well, you don't seem to be."

"Go on! Go on!" said the crowd.

"Well, you know, in quoits a 'ringer' was when you put the quoit round the stake. It counted double. Well, Jim, he packs up the round the preserver—it's like a great big quoit, you know—and as the Cap'n came running aft, Jim he sings out, Cap'n, I'll bet you $5 I'll make a ringer on that man if he comes up within the length of this line."

"Bet you $20 you can't" said the Cap'n.

"Take you," said Jim, and just at that minute I hear Mike's head about stove in on starboard quarter, Jim threw, and I'll be durned if that life preserver didn't go clean down on Mike's head and there it was. We couldn't see a thing of Mike after we got to the lake's edge to get him, although it must be down there a mighty long ways, for it is 1,000 fur that ripple, although it looks the same as usual.

"And the Captain pay the $20?"

"Pay it? You bet he did. And Jim he handed it over to Mike, and Mike he blew it all in when we got to Detroit. I wish some of it was here now fur I'm mighty dry. Thanks. Don't mind if I do."

Gibraltar.

Through the kindness of the U. S. Consul-General at Gibraltar, one may obtain a permit to visit the fortress. Mounted on little Spanish horses or donkeys, you ascend the steep west side of the mountain by an old moorish castle. There was the entrance of the fortress, which is about four hundred feet above the sea. Here a sentinel conducted us through *the galleries*. The galleries are tunnels many hundred yards in length, excavated through the solid rock, along the entire north front parallel with the face of the rock. Embrasures are blasted out every few hundred feet, from which heavy artillery is pointed, fully commanding any approach to the rock from the north. They are trenches of solid construction and conception of military efficiency and are

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - NOV. 11, 1887.

VICTORY!

New York and New Jersey Democratic.

Philadelphia Elects a Democratic Sheriff and Controller.

OHIO AND PENNSYLVANIA REPUBLICAN BY REDUCED MAJORITIES.

THE WHOLE COUNTY TICKET ELECTED BY HANDSOME MAJORITIES.

GOVERNOR BEAVER went to Philadelphia four days before the election to whoop it up for his friend "Bill" Leeds, the machine candidate for Sheriff of that city. Leeds took his "Excellency" to several ward meetings at which he delivered speeches in favor of the Bass' election. The Independent Republican, however, who knew Leeds went to work and with the aid of the Democrats snowed the Governor's candidate under to the extent of about 7 000 votes. The question now arises who is the worst whipped man, William R. Leeds or James A. Beaver?

THIS (Friday) is the day fixed for the execution of the seven condemned Chicago Anarchists, Spies, Fielden, Parsons, Schwab, Fischer, Engel and Lingg. A powerful effort has been made in Chicago to prevail upon the Governor of the State of Illinois to commute their sentences into imprisonment for life in the State penitentiary. On Wednesday Captain Black, of Chicago, who was the leading counsel of the condemned men at their trial, accompanied by some other gentlemen who favor commutation, as well as by the wives and children of the Anarchists who are married, had an interview with Gov. Oglesby in the State Capital at Springfield. Captain Black urged upon the Governor the mercy and public policy of commuting their sentences with all the power and eloquence which he knows so well how to use. Other addresses were made and petitions praying for amnesty and signed by many thousand people, were presented to the Governor. A strong impression prevails in Chicago that the sentence of two or three of the men, in whose cases there are extenuating circumstances, will be favorably considered by the Governor. As we write this (Thursday afternoon) we have no information of the decision reached by Gov. Oglesby.

IN Massachusetts the Republicans re-elected Ames, their candidate for Governor, Ben Butler's recent avowal of his intended support of Lowering the Democratic candidate, having effectually done the business for that gentleman.

IN New Jersey the Republicans carried the Legislature which, if not reversed next year, will enable them to elect a member of the United States Senate in January 1889, to succeed McPherson, Democrat.

IN Maryland the Democrats elected their candidate for Governor, other State officers and a majority of the Legislature.

IN Virginia where it was "root hog or die" with "Bill Mahone, who was fighting for a Legislature that would send him back to Washington as the successor of that lively and interesting Senator, Harry Riddleberger, the Democrats swept the board and return their large majority on joint ballot in the Legislature. This finishes Mahone's political aspirations and he has fallen like Lucifer, "never more to rise."

IN Ohio the Republicans re-elected Foraker, the present Governor and also carried the Legislature.

IN Iowa the Republican candidate for Governor was elected by the skin of his teeth his majority not being over 8,000 or at most 10,000.

IN Oregon the Prohibition amendment was defeated by a majority of about 9,000.

TAKEN as a whole the result of the elections on Tuesday is satisfactory to the Democrats and puts them in first class fighting order for the great Presidential battle of next year.

The Elections.

We give below the results of last Tuesday's elections in those States in which there was anything of a contest:

IN Pennsylvania the Republicans elect their State ticket by a majority of from 20,000 to 30,000. Philadelphia contributing about one-half of it, although the independent Republicans aided the Democrats in electing their candidate, Krumbhaar, for Sheriff, by 7,000 majority, and Dechert, their nominee for Controller, by 8 000 or 9,000 majority. This result is a triumph over the ring candidates and a victory for honest administration in municipal government.

IN New York, where the result was looked to with great interest, the Democrats elected their State ticket by a majority of about 18 000, gain of 17,000 over Cleveland's majority three years ago. The Democrats carried the city of New York by a majority of 53,000. The Anti-Poverty party headed by Henry George and Dr. McGlynn, was knocked sky high, polling in the city only about 35,000 votes instead of 80,000 as they confidently expected. The *World* speaking of the New York verdict, says:

The result of the election in this State settles three points as thoroughly as any political event can be settled in advance. President Cleveland will be renominated by his party. Mr. Blaine will not be renominated by the Republicans. Mr. George will not control the election next year. New York is the pivotal State. Mr. Cleveland's friends have had a complete triumph. They are entitled to the fruits of the victory Grover Cleveland is indeed a busy man, and James G. Blaine may be said to be a dead cock in the pit.

Prohibition vs. Regulation.

In an article in the *North American Review* for October Mr. D. R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby) has undertaken to prove that the only remedy for the evils of the liquor traffic is in its complete suppression by prohibitory enactments. The logic of the writer so largely partakes of the extravagant vein of humor which he worked into his Nasby papers that one is inclined to doubt whether some of his propositions are seriously maintained. Assuming that the traffic in liquors is "a greater crime" than the most heinous offenses against society which are forbidden by law, he insists that the traffic should be treated in the same way—by stern Prohibition. As society does not "regulate" burglary, arson, larceny and other crimes, he maintains that it is absurd to attempt to regulate the evil of intemperance by license laws. This is the extreme ground to which the fanatics of Prohibition have been driven. It is only on the assumption that the selling of a glass of beer or the drinking of it is as great a crime as robbery or forgery that they can justify their penal laws for its suppression and their assaults on personal liberty. But the common sense of mankind utterly repudiates such an assumption.

The Prohibitionists themselves, who scoff at all attempts to "regulate" the liquor traffic, propose only a different form of regulation from that of the advocates of license. They demand the suppression of the saloon, and offer as a substitute for it the State dram-shop and the drug store. These are their modes of "regulation." The enterprising drug clerk in Wichita, Kansas, who was last week sentenced to imprisonment for seventeen years, only violated the method of regulation adopted in that State in regard to the liquor traffic. He merely overlooked the legal formality of a doctor's certificate when his thirsty customers applied for their drams. So the squarians find themselves obliged to regulate what they pretend to prohibit. After repeated experiments their method of regulation has proved not only a dismal failure but a fruitful source of evils hardly less mischievous than that which they propose to suppress by fierce and brutal penal enactments.

In the opinion of Mr. Locke the taste for liquor is not a natural one. No man, he says, "was ever born with an appetite for liquor save those unfortunates born of drunken parents." The love of drink, he goes on, "is a matter of education, and the brewer and his agents, the saloonkeepers, are the educators." It is difficult to imagine where or when Mr. Locke gained his evidence. He might say, with almost as much propriety, that the bakers and butchers have cultivated the taste for bread and meat. But for the drinkers there would be no brewers, no distillers and no dressers of the vine. As for the saloon keeper, the Prohibitionists have shown, with their State ordained dram-shops, that there is a way of dispensing with him without suppressing the traffic in liquor or the appetite for it.

It is true enough that few people crave the colorless and disagreeable alcohol which constitutes the essential spirit of all fermented and distilled liquors. If there could be found no liquor other than this there would be no need of license laws and no suggestion of prohibitory penal codes. But for the fermented and distilled vegetable juices the taste of mankind is, and always has been, almost as universal as the taste for vegetables themselves. To say with Mr. Locke that this is not a natural taste is to say that nature is not nature. There are unquestionably a good many persons whose palates could not be pleasantly titillated by the most delicious vintages, and to whom beer is an abomination. These constitute the active force of the Prohibitionists, and there is reason to suspect that the reformatory object sought by most of them is the forcing of the world into conformity with their own tastes. Because they are physically so constituted as to prefer rain water to wine or beer, they insist that the taste for these liquors must be diseased and unnatural.

The question is whether the manufacture and sale of liquors under wise regulations shall be suppressed by drastic penal statutes for the sake of a comparatively few who cannot restrain their appetites, or an equally small number who decland that the world shall be governed by their own canons of taste. Prohibition has never yet reformed a drunkard or deprived of the means of satisfying his appetite. Where it has closed the licensed saloons, the club house and the illicit "dive" have filled the void. In Maine and Kansas it has partially suppressed beer, the chief object of Prohibition hostility, but the opportunities of procuring the more fiery intoxicants in a "medicinal" guise have not been greatly lessened. This, instead of promoting Prohibition, operates as a practical obstruction to that reformatory temperance movement the steady progress of which may be noted in the diminishing consumption of spirituous liquors.—*Phila. Record.*

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

The twenty-fourth annual Grand International Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was held in Chicago on the 10th October, with delegates present from all parts of the Union. The Grand Chief Engineer, P. M. Arthur, with his usual rare good sense, said in the course of his annual address: "We are enemies only to wrong in its various devices and garbs, and can assuredly say that political schemes and aspirations have no place nor part in our association. A mighty army of men, representing 365 divisions, has gathered about a nucleus of 12 men who, 24 years ago, assembled in the city of Detroit and started an organization destined to be more than they knew or dreamed. To day we number 25,000 men, and while our numbers are great, we would not have you consider only the quantity, but the quality as well. To be a Brotherhood man, four things are requisite, namely: Sobriety, truth, justice, and morality. This is our motto, and upon this precept have we based our practice. We have paid out during the fiscal year just closed, to widows and orphans, $279 500, making a total of $2,241 669.61 that we have paid since the association was established. Our *Journal's* circulation has now reached 22,000; from which we derive a revenue of $8,922 84 per year. Taking all things into consideration, our relations, both to ourselves and with various railroads employing Brotherhood men, are amicable. When we consider the dissatisfaction which is everywhere manifest about us, our few troubles pale in insignificance. There have been times and incidents when the "strike" was the only court of appeals for the workingman, and the evil lay in the abuse of them and not in the use of them. The methods used to bring about a successful termination of strikes, the abuse of property and even of persons, have brought the very name into disrepute, while the troubles of the laboring man are receiving mere cant, and sympathy for him is dying out. More and more clearly defined is the line becoming which divides the honest man, satisfied with a just renumeration which he has truly earned, until by his own effort he can rise to a higher position in life, and the loud voiced 'bomb thrower,' who, scarcely able to speak the English language, seeks to win his own comfortable living from those who have worked for it, presuming upon the imagination and arousing false hopes in the hearts of those who are still more ignorant than himself. Among sensible men the day for all this is passed. Let 'mercy season justice, and justice be tempered with moderation.' A wise arbitration looks to a long result rather than to immediate satisfaction, and accomplishes more than intimidation ever can hope to do.

"It is not my intention," said Mr. Arthur, "to impose upon this convention any dogma upon the drink question; but I cannot refrain in honesty to my own convictions from deploring the sad havoc that intemperance is making in the ranks of our fellow men. So great is this evil that no man or woman who is striving to improve their fellows can help taking it into account. It is indeed, an important factor for evil in our midst. Not only from the physical and moral standpoint it is working mischief, but from the standpoint of labor. The man who has so little self-control that he cannot resist the temptation to degrade himself is always in danger of bringing disgrace upon his brethern. He has lost his self-respect and, to some extent, his independence, thus making an easier victim to the greed of a selfish employer. I would therefore urge upon you the necessity of abstaining from everything that will in the slightest degree impair your usefulness as citizens or your efficiency as locomotive engineers."—*Scientific American.*

Wealthy Indians.

A visitor to the Osage reservation, Idaho, if he has a mind to study the human race under varying conditions, finds much of interest. He is *inter primos* among the aristocrats. The Indians are about the only example now left in the United States of a real aristocracy. They do not depend upon government rations, as do the Cheyennes and others, at all, but have enough as their own undisputed property to make them the wealthiest community in the country. Besides the land of the reservation, which belongs to them by a title hard to assail, they have about $7,000,000 bearing 5 per cent interest in the hands of the government. They are paid about $250,000 a year in cash. The entire numbers only 1,600, so that they are actually the richest body of people we have.

The Osages have all the attributes of an aristocracy. They own the land, do absolutely no work, have plenty of money, know nothing of barter and sale, and therefore not much of the meanness which characterizes all commercial classes. They envy nobody, and are satisfied with themselves and their customs. With the virtues of aristocracy, they have its vices. With generosity, they have shiftlessness and laziness perfection. Though magnificent pastures lie before them for miles, few of them take the trouble to own cattle, the majority preferring to buy beef already slaughtered and cut up from the traders. They are not even hunters and fishers. Their lives are spent in lying around under tents and shanties, eating to repletion, and filling their blood with impurities which they do not take exercise enough to get rid of. Bad habits have brought on bronchial and scrofulous diseases, which are helping to still further reduce their numbers. They have no faith in white physicians, and their own medicine men have as much influence as a hundred years ago.

The government puts a premium on reproduction by the system of distribution adopted. Each member of the tribe, including women and children, receives about $160 every year. The more wives and children an Osage has, therefore, the richer he is. In spite of this encouragement, the tribe is decreasing. A white physician at the agency estimates that the rate of decrease is not less than 2 per cent a year among the full bloods. The half breeds are increasing. It can be at once reckoned that in another half century the full bloods will have gone and the splendid inheritance will be in the possession of white men and their children, even if no new policy is adopted by the government to hasten the catastrophe.

The full bloods are nearly all honest and manly in th ir way. Th y have an idea that everything on the reservation belongs to them, and they go behind the counters and among the goods of the post traders as freely as though they were proprietors. Up to a certain point they understand business—debit and credit—but not much beyond the simplest forms. As might be expected, they are chronically in debt. They want to buy everything they see, and think little of prices, and give away as readily as they buy. Other tribes not so well provided with worldly goods are fond of visiting the Osages, and on these occasions the custom of smoking presents works to the advantage of the wealthier. Several hundred ponies and large amounts of various property have thus been given to the Kaws and other poorer tribes within a few years.

Can the Osages be civilized? Of course they can. They are not civilized, to be sure. They speak little English, and wear the blanket and breech clout; allow their women to die by scores in childbirth, and compel them to do all the work; they are too lazy to raise cattle when pasture and feed cost neither money nor work; they keep up the dances and paints, and cut their hair in helmet fashion. All these things they do, but they could be easily taught to adopt the customs of civilization. Five years of education scientifically applied would make them equal to the Cherokees in civilization and superior to them in force of character. —*Kansas City Times.*

Wild Animals at Large.

ST. LOUIS, November 3.—One of the most exciting scenes that ever occurred in this, or perhaps any other city, took place at the Union Depot between 3 and 4 o'clock this afternoon, and for a time created not only tremendous excitement but the wildest kind of a scare among the people present. During the day a special train of passenger and flat cars bearing John Robinson's menagerie and circus people and their animals from Fort Scott, Kan., came into the Union Depot, en route to Cincinnati, where they are to winter. About 3:30 the train pulled out to cross the bridge and while passing over the "puzzle switch" in the depot yards, a flat car flew the track followed by others and ran into a freight train on a side track, demolishing two or three cars and killing George S. Squires, a canvasman, and badly injuring two other circus men named Fuller and Isle.

In the smash up some of the animals cages on the flat cars were broken and a Bengal tiger, two lions, a leopard, a jaguar, an ibex and a vulture escaped. The wildest kind of a commotion followed. Depot officials and policemen ran frantically about shouting warning and there was a general and quick stampede from the yards to the streets beyond. The circus and depot men then made search for the animals. The leopard was found crouched under a freight car an attempt was made to lasso him, but it failed and the animal rushed from cover, bit a man severely in the leg on his way out, bounded into the ticket office and then jumped through a transom into a superintendant's office. He was besieged by the circus men and after several attempts to capture him and two or three shots being fired at him he was covered with a tarpaulin and secured.

One by one the other animals were found and after more or less trouble were captured and returned to their cages, but it was not until nearly night that the work was over and the excitement allayed.

The wreck was then cleared away and the train started for Cincinnati. The body of Squires was taken to the morgue and will be disposed of by the authorities. There were reports late to night that all of the animals have not yet been found, but the fact that none of the circus men remain in the city is thought to be good evidence that all the beasts were secured and there does not seem to be alarm felt in police or other circles. The capture of one of the lions was an exciting affair and developed a large amount of true courage on the part of his captor. Manager Gilbert saw the brute under a freight car, and at once grappled with him. For a few moments there was a desperate struggle, and nothing was to be seen but revolving man and beast and a cloud of dust, but the man finally triumphed and held the beast down to the platform until assistance came and the cowed creature was dragged off to its cage.

Indians Persecuted By Whites.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—Some weeks ago the military authorities of Arizona Territory reported to the War Department that the Sheriff of Pinal county held warrants, the legality of which was questioned, for the arrest of Eskimizin and twenty seven other Indians, living on the San Pedro River in that territory, upon charges of grand larceny and resisting arrest, and had called upon Capt. Pierce, the commanding military officer at San Carlos Agency, who is also acting Indian Agent, to aid him in making the arrests. General Miles, in reporting the matter to General Howard, expressed the opinion that an attempted arrest of these twenty eight Indians by local civil officers would prove a serious matter, if it did not involve the territory in an Indian war. The whole history of the affair is now made public in a report just received at the Indian Office from Lieut. J. W. Watson, of the Tenth Cavalry, transmitted by Capt. Pierce, from which it appears that the Indians have long been the victims of outrageous persecutions by the whites.

From the Indian officials it is learned that Eskimizin was, until within the last few years, the head chief of the Aravaipa and Pinal Apaches, for whose occupation the San Carlos reservation was originally established. He was a powerful chief and had great influence with his tribe, of which the since notorious Geronimo was a member. Nine years ago Eskimizin and a number of his followers, of their own accord, desiring to live in peace with the whites, abandoned their tribal relations and took up lands in the San Pedro Valley under the Indian homestead law. They built comfortable houses and barns, irrigated and fenced their lands, and by their own unaided industry accumulated considerable property. It was an entirely new departure in the history of these hitherto fierce Apaches, and the Interior Department did everything in its power to assist and protect them, as did also the officers of the army stationed in the vicinity.

Before long, however, white settlers began to encroach upon their lands, and unsuccessful attempts were made to dispossess them by filing upon the very tracts to which the Indians had initiated title. The report shows that since that time they have been the constant victims of maltreatment, trickery, threats of violence and impositions in numberless ways. Many of them have been arrested, the report asserts, and taken before distant Justices of the Peace for trial upon trumped-up charges of one character or another, and all for the sole purpose of ultimately driving them from their good homes that the whites may take possession of them.

These prosecutions, the report continues, have never caused the Indians to retaliate, but they have accomplished their purpose in driving Eskimizin and his little band from the San Pedro back to their old reservation. Eskimizin says he does not wish to struggle longer and he has come back, hoping for a home and protection from the whites on the reservation. He and his people left behind them everything they possessed. The old chief left a good home, thirty-five cattle, farming implements, 270 sacks of corn, a quantity of wheat and barley, a good wagon and harness, and household furniture. Everything was abandoned to the whites.

The last act of hostility on the part of the whites was the arrest of six of the Indians, it is said, upon false charges; and the attempted arrest of twenty-eight others referred to above. The Sheriff of Pinal county has made a demand upon Captain Pierce for the surrender of the accused, which, on Oct. 10, the date of Captain Pierce's letter of transmittal, had not been complied with. The Indian officials pronounce the affair a shameful outrage upon peaceful and law abiding Indians, and will take such steps as may be necessary to restore to the Indians their abandoned property.

Some Curious Customs.

In Western lands it is a proverbial saying of one who is peculiarly stupid that he does not "know enough to go in when it rains" In China, on the contrary, the saying would be altered so as to read: "He does not know enough to stay in when it rains," and to a Chinese the idea that a human being has any functions which can be harmonized with the rapid precipitation of moisture can only be introduced by trepanning. The Tien-Tsin massacre of 1870 might have been quadrupled in atrocity but for a timely rain, which deterred the rowdies already on their way to the settlement. A portable shower would be one of the most perfect defences a traveler in the hostile sections of China could desire. We are confident that a steady stream of cold water, delivered from a two-inch nozzle, would disperse the most violent mob ever seen by a foreigner in China in five minutes of solar time. Grape shot would be much less effectual, for many would stop to gather up the spent shot, while cold water is something for which every Chinese, from the Han dynasty downward, entertains the same aversion as a cat. Externally or internally administered, he regards in as alike fatal. The remote causes of their deep-seated antipathy to wet weather lie imbedded in the Chinese constitution, but the proximate causes, in our view, are twofold—the porosity of cotton cloth and the absolute scarcity of dirt. To our readers these reasons will no doubt appear inadequate, not to say frivolous; but this, we believe, is because they have not reflected profoundly on the subject. Why the Chinese should persist in wearing cloth shoes we do not pretend to say, but wear them they certainly do. Damp feet are not only uncomfortable; they are dangerous to health. Oiled boots are luxuries for the few, and in seven cases out of eight he who goes abroad when it rains will do it in cotton cloth shoes, which will be ruined. He has no light sandals. He never washes his feet. Hence it is easier and more philosophical to stay at home, which he does.—*Tien-Tsin Chinese Times.*

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the liver, kidneys or blood. Only half a dollar a bottle at E. James' drug store.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A letter from Damascus tells of arrangements for street cars through that ancient city founded by Abraham, 1,900 years before the Christian era.

—A justice of the peace in San Jose, Cal, has surpassed the record of the clergyman who married himself, by officially certifying an acknowledgement of his own signature to a mortgage.

—Mrs. Nancy Honaker, of Floyed county, Ky., is the owner of a mule which has been a resident of that State over 60 years, and she knows not how much longer. The animal served through the war and was in some hot battles. He is still capable of good service.

—The last surviving representative of the Delaware tribe of Indians, who played so important a part in the early colonial history of the country, is Ann Roberts. She is 80 years old and lives at Indian Mills, on the old Brotherton reservation, in New Jersey.

—A year ago Miss Clara Moore, of Cincinnati, went to visit friends in Los Angeles, Cal. She had a few hundred dollars with her, which she invested in Southern California lands, and in the boom that followed she sold out her property at a net gain of $125,000.

—Dr. Frantzel, of Berlin, reporting on the effect of tobacco on the heart, says that smoking will not effect a person for many years, and that there will suddenly come a trouble of the heart. Common cigars, he says, are not so likely to produce the trouble as the finer ones.

—It takes nearly one hundred million foreign eggs a month to keep the English in cakes and puddings. Experts have estimated that the consumption of eggs in England is one hundred a year for every person. Nearly $15,000,000 is paid every year for the eggs imported into the country.

—A man 80 years old stole a horse in Washington. On account of his advanced age he was not prosecuted, but was given a ticket for New Orleans. He went as far as Batimore, sold the ticket to a scalper, bought a watch and chain and came back, stole another horse, sold it for $60, and made his escape.

—A Boston man offers his pet monkey for sale. He put up with the tricks of the cunning brute for a long time, but when the monkey took possession of the kitchen and began throwing knives, forks, dishes and baked beans at his owner, the latter concluded it was time they should part company.

—The flags presented by Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, Ireland, to the Sixty-ninth Regiment and to Rev. John J. Riordan, of Castle Garden, New York, are an American and an Irish ensign, made of the finest Irish poplin, with staffs of Irish ash. They were embroidered and put together by the nuns of the Presentation Convent, Cashel.

—Rev. L. M. Lyle, of Calvert, Md., suspected that somebody was milking his cow. He kept watch and discovered that a hog, which ran in the pasture with her, was the culprit. There seemed to be a perfect understanding between the two animals, and the hog while taking his meals, sat on his haunches and grunted away in supreme satisfaction.

—The greatest excitement prevails at Tahlequa, the Cherokee capital. Over half the inhabitants of the city have left, taking with them their stock of household goods, and have sought refuge in the timber from the impending war, which is sure to begin Monday on the assembling of the Council. The dispute is over the election of the chief of the Cherokee Nation. Both parties claim their candidate is elected.

—The reports of correspondents show a continued scarcity of water for stock in many sections, especially in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. Unless copious rains are experienced before the setting in of winter, many farmers will find themselves involved in serious difficulty in providing the necessary water for their stock. The continued drouth in these States has also lessened the usual amount of fall plowing.

—Mrs. Agnes Steihr and her neice, Mrs. Anna Beuchs, of Newark, N. J., are engaged in a legal war for the possession of an old family bible. Mrs. Steihr had the book for 19 years, and Mrs. Beuchs borrowed it. Mrs. Steihr wanted it again, and her neice asserted that she owned it, alleging that her grandmother gave it to her. Replevin suits followed from each side, and now the case is in a fair way to get to the Supreme Court before it is settled.

—John McAuley, one of the earliest settlers of Chicago, who is still living, was the hero of a very remarkable adventure. Having occasion to visit Philadelphia in 1872, when the railroad fare was $20, he declared that he would not pay that sum, and wagered that he would go to Philadelphia for less than $10. Accordingly he constructed a coffinshaped box, bored holes in the side and was shipped as express matter. He reached Philadelphia in safety, and his ride cost him but $9.75.

—The Governor of Alaska, in his annual report, says wonderful results are being achieved in mining, showing the Territory to be rich in precious metals. The mine on Douglas Island during the year has turned out $100,000 per month, and there are rich placer diggings on Shielando river. The salmon, cod and whale fisheries, he says, yielded about $3,000,000 during the year. The Governor reviews the operations of the Alaska Commercial Company and says it is a grinding monopoly.

—Undismayed by mistakes and previous failures, the owners of the famous "big raft of Nova Scotia have again reconstructed their singular craft and will endeavor to tow it to New York by means of two powerful tugs. The raft is 560 feet long, 50 feet wide and 36 feet deep at its center, and is cigar shaped. If this method of shipping large timber should prove successful, a new system of transportation in the lumber business would be established and much timber utilized which now is either burned at the mills or left to decay.

—A mob of armed men entered the jail yard at Opelika, last Saturday and called for the Sheriff, who answered in his night clothes. They covered him with pistols, and some of them went into his room, got the jail keys and opened the cell in which Geo. Hart was locked, took him out and carried him to Waverly, a few miles distant, where they hung him. Hart was the negro who, last October, murdered in cold blood a young white farmer named Eddie Waldrup. George Hart was assisted in his crime by his brother John, who was hangad and his body burned by the lynchers shortly after the murder.

—According to an old custom among plantation negroes in Louisiana, two of them, living in West Feliciana parish, traded wives two years ago. The bargain did not prove satisfactory and quarrels arose among the members of the much-mixed families, which gradually involved nearly the entire congregation. It was decided a few days ago by the parties involved to meet at the church and settle all difficulties by a general fist fight. A large number were present at the appointed time, but the conditions upon which the fight was arranged were not observed. As soon as the parties came together knives and pistols were drawn and a bloody riot followed, the result of which was that Edmund Turner and Gibson Clark, the principals, were killed outright and James Stowbury was severely if not fatally wounded.

They Like Sauerkraut.

The busiest persons in Reading, Pa., at present are those of a calling which probably is unknown in any other place in this country. That calling is the professional cutting of cabbage for saurerkraut making. The cutter travels about the city from house to house from the latter part of October until the middle of November, by which time the sauerkraut making season is over. The father of the business is Michael Bruckmer, who has cut cabbage for Reading's best families for many years. There are few families in that city, from the highest to the lowest, that fail to put down a supply of sauerkraut every fall. Bruckman alone cuts up two hundred heads of cabbage a day during the puttingdown season. His cabbage-cutter he imported from Germany, and he says that there is not another like it in this country.

It is only the well-to-do families and saloon-keepers who have their cabbage cut, although the charge is only one cent a head. The saloon keepers are the best customers of the cabbage-cutters, for they order hundreds of heads cut at a time. Sauerkraut for lunch is one of the delicacies of Reading all the year round.

During the last half of October and the first half of November, Cutter Bruckmann estimates there are no less than two thousand heads of cabbage cut every day for sauerkraut in Reading, or sixty thousand heads for the season. Those who do not hire their kraut stock cut have cutters of their own, or wait their turn to borrow of a neighbor who has. No Reading household is exactly complete without a cabbage-cutter. The person who cuts cabbage for kraut professionally has nothing to do with the making of the kraut. This is done by the family, and the family in Berks county that does not know all the mysteries of sauerkraut making had better keep its ignorance to itself. No family puts down less than ten heads of cabbage in pickle to "ripen" into kraut, while the cutter frequently has a job of a hundred heads or more to cut at a single house. The housewife at the head of an establishment that it takes a thousand dollars a year to support has the same receipe for putting down her kraut as the one her washwoman uses, and when her kraut is ripe it don't smell a bit better for its aristocratic surroundings. You may break, you may chop up the sauerkraut barrel if you will, but you'll recognize its recent occupant by a sniff of it still. A few families buy their supply of kraut from farmers, but the proper thing is to have it made right in the house.

The Blind Boss of 'Frisco.

The announcement was recently made that "Chris" Buckley, the blind boss of California, has returned from a trip to Europe, where he went to have a consultation as to his eyes, and has ascertained that he can never regain his sight. He was prepared to pay $50,000 to any of the eminent oculists of Europe who would even give him the hope that he might ultimately recover his sight, but the case is said to be hopeless. Buckley is one of the peculiar products of Pacific coast politics and has had an extraordinary career. He has been for years a leader of the San Francisco Democracy and is now Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee. He has progressed from the position of a small saloon keeper and a ward striker to that of a manager of the great political machine, and has accomplished all this while being practically blind. There are few instances of such political achievements in the lower ranks of politics. Mr. Buckley was born in Ireland, but his parents removed to this country when quite young, and he lived though his boyhood and youth in New York. His father was a contractor. Young Buckley, who is now forty-five, removed from New York to the Pacific coast in 1860, when he was but eighteen years of age. He commenced life as a street-car driver, and devoted all the spare time he had to ward politics. He early developed an aptitude for ward politics, and soon became the rival of "Al" Fritz, the local Democratic boss. The two soon entered into a political partnership and opened a saloon which became Democratic headquarters. Their first movement in the direction of successful politics was to reduce the price of whiskey from 25 cents to 12½ cents a glass. They became popular, and by this, among other instrumentalities, soon became a political power in San Francisco. Fritz, the senior partner of the firm, finally yielded to his passion for liquor, and committed suicide at the end of a periodical spree. Buckley, who had already become stone-blind as a consequence of chronic neuralgia, then succeeded to the Democratic boss-ship, and from that time to this he has been a dictator in local Democratic politics. In appearance there is nothing to suggest the ward politician. He is a man of medium size, with a pleasant face, which has not much expression, and square mouth covered by a full mustache, and a jaw which shows indomitable will, which is the secret of his success. He plans the political meetings, and his lieutenants carry out his orders. His methods are those that have everywhere characterized the ward politician. He aspired at one time to enter the field of national politics, and was one of the Californians who used their influence to secure the nomination of Mr. Justice Field for President of the United States at the Cincinnati Convention of 1876.

A WORD TO ALL.

Go to GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S, Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa., for Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Stair Pads, Stair Rods, Stair Buttons,

Oilcloths, Linoleum, Lace Curtains, Feathers,

Turcoman Curtains, Madras Curtain Goods, etc., etc. Quality of Goods unequaled and prices the lowest.

—A recent Omaha bride had bad luck on her wedding day. She had got almost to the church when it was discovered that she had forgotten her bridal veil. She went back after it. On the way to the church again she sneezed and split her satin bodice from belt to shoulder. The carriage stopped at a shop, needle and thread were procured, and the rent was repaired. As she stepped from the carriage the lace button of an underskirt caught and the button at the waist gave way. As she walked up the aisle the skirt began to slip down, but she managed to grab it through the side of her dress-skirt, and so hung on till she was safely married and back in the carriage. Then she wept.

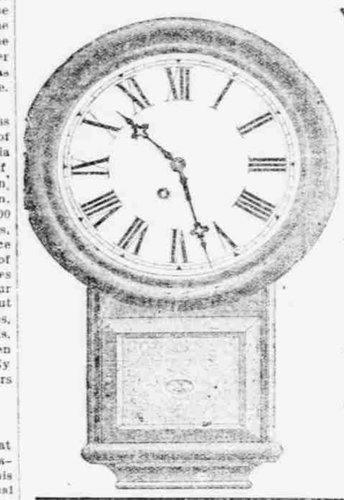
—One of the big steamers on a trip across the Atlantic requires from 100 to 150 tons of provisions for the passengers. The Umbria was supplied with 8,190 pounds of fresh beef, 300 pounds of corned beef, 4,000 of mutton, 1 350 of fresh fish, 2,600 of ham, 500 of bacon, 900 of butter, 240 of tea, 600 of coffee, 700 cheese, 1,200 of sugars, all kinds; 9 000 eggs, 600 fowls, 200 chickens, 80 turkeys, 50 brace grouse, 10 tons of potatoes, 26 hampers of vegetables and 600 quarts of milk, besides lots of dainties and fruit. There are four regular meals on shipboard every day, but the tables are always supplied with apples, oranges and fruits, and nuts of all kinds. These disappear so rapidly that it has been estimated that each passenger uses up daily three oranges, two and three-quarters apples and one and one-half lemons.

CARL RIVINIUS,

—PRACTICAL—

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

—AND DEALER IN—



Watches, Clocks,

—JEWELRY,—

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Sole Agent

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Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches, In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KINDS of JEWELRY always on hand.

☞ My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ ALL WORK GUARANTEED. ☜

CARL RIVINIUS

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

MARLIN MAGAZINE RIFLE Best In The World

For latest or small game—32 calibre, 40 grains powder 30 cut shot, 2 oz. 60 grs. 45 cal. 70 and 90 grs. The strongest shooting rifle made. Perfect accuracy, steadiness and the only magazine gun rifle on the market. Prices reduced. BALLARD Gallery, Sporting and Target Rifles, best ever offered. Send for circular.

Fourteen different styles, prices from $15.00 up. Send for illustrated catalogue.

MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., - New Haven, Conn.

FREE! FREE! FREE!

HARRIS' REMEDY FOR NERVOUSNESS

HARRIS' SEMINAL PASTILLES

HARRIS' REMEDY CO., Mfg Chemists, St. Louis, Mo.

RUPTURED PERSONS can have FREE Trial of our Appliances. Ask for Terms.

Valuable Property for Sale.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS AT PRIVATE Sale the following valuable

HOUSE AND LOT,

situate on Main street, in Carrolltown Borough, and in the business centre of the town—opposite the Blum brewery. The house is a large two story building, 32x52 feet, plastered throughout, weatherboarded and completely finished and as good as new. A good stable on the lot and a never failing well of excellent water. It would answer for dwelling and business house combined, or for a hotel property.

POSSESSION GIVEN IMMEDIATELY.

For particulars call on or address the owner,

FREDERICK SNYDER,

At the Arlington Hotel, Altoona, Pa.

September 16, 1887.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
☞ Office in Colonnade Row.

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office on Centre street, last door.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER WILL SELL HIS FARM known as the LUCKETT FARM, situate in Munster township, Cambria county, containing about

90 ACRES, ABOUT 60 ACRES CLEARED,

having thereon erected a good frame house and frame barn. The farm is in a fine state of cultivation, is well watered and has a good orchard of bearing fruit trees. The farm is within three minutes walk of Luckett's Station on the Ebensburg and Cresson Railroad.

For further particulars inquire of George M. Reade, Esq., Ebensburg, Pa., or of the undersigned on the premises.

JOHN MURPHY.

July 29, 1887.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of James Leahy, deceased, of Lilly borough, Cambria county, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. JOHN LEAHY, JR.,
Lilly, Oct. 26, 1887. Adm'r.

STRAY SHEEP.—About two weeks ago eight sheep strayed away from the farm of the subscriber in Carroll township, and also two from his premises in Ebensburg. The sheep are all marked on the back with tar. Any person furnishing information leading to their recovery will be suitably rewarded. JOSEPH GUTWALD.
Ebensburg, Oct. 27, 1887.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Daniel Cooney, deceased, of Munster township, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
CHARLES COONEY,
Munster, Oct. 5, 1887. Adm'r.

FOR SALE.—The undersigned will offer at private sale his house and lot situated in the West ward of Ebensburg, fronting on High street and extending back along Mary Ann street on the west to Sample street. The house is a large double house in good repair with a good stable, and the lot contains a number of good fruit trees. For terms call on the subscriber residing on the premises. GEORGE REITER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 21, 1887.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came to the premises of the subscriber residing in Allegheny township, Cambria county, P. O. about July 4th, 1887, one red steer and one red heifer about two year old. The owner is requested to come forward prove property, pay charges and take them away, otherwise, they will be disposed of according to law.
WILLIAM BOBSON.
Allegheny twp., Oct. 21, 1887.

$50 Reward.

The school district of Allegheny township will pay the above reward for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons found breaking into, injuring, or in any manner defacing any of the school property of said township.
HUGH DRISKELL,
Allegheny twp., Oct. 27, 1887. President.

WHEN you want Job Printing of any kind done go to the FREEMAN office.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building lately occupied by Jones Bros. Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to carefully and collections a specialty. [10-14-]

FOR SALE—STEAM ENGINES, 15 H. P. Gray

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - NOV. 11, 1887.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Tuesday was a very quiet election day.

—Last month over 40,000 wage workers struck.

—We guess "Mitten" was too much for the Altoona sporting man.

—As the returns indicate, a very light vote was polled on Tuesday.

—About one inch of snow covers the ground this (Friday) morning.

—Mr. Milton Brown, of Johnstown, spent a few days in town the present week.

—The Commissioners' sale of seated and unseated lands is published in another column.

—Capt. Thomas Davis and his son Fred returned home on Saturday last from Black Hills, Dakota.

—Mr. George F. Scott, of Altoona, and Mr. J. E. Shields, of Loretto, were in town on Thursday.

—The Republican candidate for treasurer in Clearfield county has been elected by a majority of ten.

—On account of the many cases of dyphtheria at South Fork, the schools at that place have closed.

—Mr. David Brawley, of Westmoreland county, is here on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Judge Johnston.

—One thousand pounds of ginseng wanted at Dr. Davisons's, for which the highest market price will be paid.

—Mr. Lawrence L. Hoover, of Gallitzin, had his hand crushed on Tuesday last, while working in a stone quarry.

—Mr. Howard Beynon has been lying very ill at his home in this place, but, we are glad to say, is now recovering.

—McDonald, of Loretto, Pa., wants 500 bushels large onions, 1000 bushels picked beans and 1000 bushels clean wheat.

—The contract for heating the Presbyterian Church by steam, has been awarded to McMillen & Walters, of Johnstown.

—Dr. G. A. Zimmerman, of Johnstown, and Mr. Ed. Davis, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., were visitors to our town on Wednesday.

—Mr. Ed. Kittell, time-keeper for the Collins Bro.'s at their works near Bellefonte spent Sunday at his home in this place.

—The store of John Hughes, at Millwood, Westmoreland county, was entered on Wednesday night and robbed of between $300 and $400.

—The coal tipple of the Blairsville coke company was burned on Wednesday evening. Incendiarism is suspected. Loss estimated at $5,000.

—Mr. F. H. Barker, of this place, who has been sojourning through the State of Kansas for the last two months returned home to-day.

—The publication of our paper is delayed this week on account of waiting to get the official election returns which will be found on this page.

—It is rumored that the young lawyers and business men of this place intend renting a room for the purpose of starting a gymnasium.

—Mr. John Cree, is the new general manager of the Creason & Clearfield Coal and Coke Company, a position formerly held by Mr. J. C. Caldwell.

—Mr. George Huntley, on Thursday, had a couple of fine carp, some of his own raising, in a tub in front of his store and they were admired by everybody.

—Mrs. Wm. Mills has removed from this place to Newry, Blair county, where she will keep house for the pastor of the Catholic congregation at that place.

—Reports published in Chicago show a continued scarcity of water for stock in many sections, especially in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa.

—"Doc." Thompson, formerly of this place but now of the American House, Philadelphia, was visiting friends and relations in town the past few days.

—Miss Mary Elizabeth Brophy, daughter of Mr. Timothy Brophy, of Altoona, at one time a resident of this place, died on Wednesday of last week of pneumonia.

—Scarlet fever has invaded the household of Mr. E. C. Parrish of this place, his second daughter being laid up with the disease. Mr. Parrish has temporarily closed his store.

—The wife and eldest daughter of Mr. James Convery, of Pittsburg, formerly of this place, are lying seriously ill with typhoid fever in Mercy Hospital, Pittsburg.

—Fragments of a dead male infant was found in Altoona on Saturday last, back of a blacksmith shop on Seventh avenue and Twenty-fifth street, wrapped up in a flour sack.

—The Pennsylvania railroad has great difficulty all along its line to keep up the supply of water for its engines. Water has to be hauled in tanks to a number of places to keep up the supply.

—The Women's Christian Temperance Union of this place, has rented the residence of the late Judge Lloyd, corner of High and Center streets, for the purpose of holding their meetings.

—Mr. E. W. Humphreys, Mrs. John A. Jones and Mrs. B. G. Williams, who have now many friends in Wales will sail from Liverpool for home to-morrow (Saturday).—Johnstown Tribune.

—Mr. C. Cleary, of the Carrolltown [illegible] through this place on Wednesday last, on his way to the wilds of Cameron county, where he intends spending a few days hunting deer.

—The street lamps which the "borough fathers" purchased for the purpose of lighting the streets of this place, would be of no use to us with which to view an eclipse. Why are they not cleaned?

—Forest fires are prevailing on the mountains along the line of the railroad, and a large amount of timber has been destroyed. It is hoped that Thursday's rains will put a stop to the fires in the woods.

—Institute for the districts of Chest Springs and Carrolltown, and the townships of Clearfield and Clearfield will be held at Carrolltown on Saturday, November 19th. All teachers are requested to be present.

—On Wednesday forenoon Harry J. Paul, son of the Gauntler works at Johnstown, was struck by an engine on one of the company's tracks and had his leg and foot so badly mangled that he died the next day.

—Mr. Robert Scanlan, who has been employed in the bank of Johnston, Buck & Co., of this place, on last Tuesday accepted a position as clerk in the postoffice. Bert is a worthy young man and will make a good postoffice clerk.

—An unknown man was killed at the bridge crossing at East Conemaugh, on Wednesday evening, by being struck by Philadelphia Express. He was about fifty-five years of age, but there was no papers about his person to identify him.

—Mr. Scull has fixed the day for the competitive examination for applicants for appointment to the Military academy at West Point for Wednesday, November 23d. Up to date thirteen applications have been received from as many young gentlemen desiring appointment.—Somerset Herald.

—Cock fights are very numerous in this vicinity, one or two occurring every week.

—If you want to know what is said about you in your absence, draw the inference from what is said of others in your presence.

—Cards are out for the marriage and reception of Miss Kate E. Dunn, daughter of Mrs Ellen Dunn, of Altoona, and Mr. John S. Parrish, also of Altoona, but formerly of this place. The ceremony takes place on Tuesday evening, November 22d.

—A little son of Mrs. Thomas Colbert, of Gallitzin, while his mother was out on Saturday last, got his clothing on fire from the store and before she returned he was so badly burned that he died the next morning. He was about four years old.

—Luke Platt, of Plattville, who has served an eight year's sentence to the penitentiary for being connected with the robbery of Henry Behe and Daniel Dumm, in Allegheny township, returned home this week, his term having expired.

—Mrs. Hugh Edwards, of Cambria township, who on Wednesday of last week was taken to the Dixmont asylum, died in that institution on Sunday, and her remains were brought to this place for interment on Tuesday and laid to rest in Lloyd's cemetery.

—In the cutting between Lloyd and Grambling on Tuesday. Lloyd got in his work a little better than Grambling, and as a consequence, Grambling got left. It does not require spectacles to see why the Republicans in this locality did not want Hamilton nominated.

—Judge James Potts to-day cast his fifty-eighth consecutive annual ballot. There are men living who have perhaps voted a few times oftener, but we doubt if there is a man in the county who has voted as many times without a brake as our old friend.—Johnstown Tribune.

—An Italian named Fallo was lodged in jail at Somerset by the constable in Conemaugh township, on last Monday, charged with malicious mischief. He had kindled a fire in the woods, and neglecting to put it out, a number of rods of fence were consumed for a farmer in that township.

—Any person who wants paying work as local or traveling agent for warranted nursery stock should apply at once to James E. Whitney, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y. No experience is necessary, and complete outfit is furnished free. Steady work the year round and all stock warranted to be in good condition.

—George Ward, a desperate criminal from Chicago, who was sent to the county jail in Huntingdon in September for assault with intent to kill John Wolff, a Pennsylvania railroad conductor, escaped Sunday night by sawing the locks off his cell door and boring a hole through the wall of the prison. He then climed down by a rope made with bed clothes.

—A Pittsburg paper in speaking of the long continued dry spell, says that there has not been a rain of any consequence in that city since the latter part of July, when the rainfall showed a total of three inches. In September there was no rainfall of any account, and in October the rainfall during the whole month did not amount to but 30-100 of an inch. There has not been such a continuous dreuth all over the country, says the paper quoted, in the last twelve or fifteen years.

—A stranger from Indiana county, while driving along a lonesome road near Philipsburg, Centre county, on Wednesday afternoon, was accosted by two masked men armed with rifles, who demanded his purse. He replied that he had no money, but as that did not satisfy them they requsted him to fork over the cash. After hesitating he did so, handing them his walnut, containing exactly $21. Fortunately for him he had just sent all but the $21 home the same day he being a horse dealer.

—On Thursday Governor Oglesby, of Illinois, commuted the sentence of Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab, two of the Chicago Anarchists to imprisonment for life, and on the same day Louis Lingg committed suicide in his cell by a candle loaded with dynamite, and a fulminating cap. He lit the wick and placed the candle in his mouth, and his head was blown to pieces and he died in a short time. The Governor refused to interfere in the cases of Spies, Parsons, Engel and Fischer, and they will be hung to-day.

—John Sweeney, of Johnstown and Charles McLaughlin and John Dolan got in a box car at Pittsburg on Monday last for the purpose of travelling eastward. The party had a quart bottle of whisky with them and when they reached Sonman they got into a row and Dolan drew a 32-calibre revolver and fired at Sweeney, the ball striking Sweeney between the right eye and the ear, coming out at the back of his head. His condition is dangerous, and he was taken to Lilly to receive medical attention. Dolan and McLaughlin were lodged in jail.

—There are fourteen organized companies to furnish natural gas, drawing supply from 210,000 acres of tested territory, having a capital invested of $17,300,000; using 1,500 miles of lines of iron pipe, from six inches to thirty inches in diameter, weighing about eighty tons to the mile and giving a total of 135,000 tons of buried iron, delivering 300,000,000 cubic feet of gas daily, and yielding a net profit of about 10 per centum: the same wells being capable of yielding 1,000,000,000 cubic feet daily. The total capital invested in natural gas production in Western Pennsylvania is estimated at $25,000,000 and $5,000,000 in Ohio. The amount of coal displaced by natural gas is daily 25,000 tons.

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hemtick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at E. James' drug store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. James and W. W. McAteer, of Loretto.

Hay Fever.

For twenty-five years I have been severely afflicted with hay fever. While I was suffering intensely I was induced, through Mr. Tichenor's testimonial, to try Ely's Cream Balm. The effect was marvelous. It enabled me to perform my pastoral duties without the slightest inconvenience, and I have escaped a return attack. I pronounce Ely's Cream Balm a cure for hay fever.—Wm. T. Carr, Presbyterian Pastor, Elizabeth, N. J.

Institute Programme.

The following programme for Teachers Local Institute and Reading Circle to be held at Loretto, Saturday, November 19th, at 1 o'clock P. M.

How to Interest Children.—Miss Lizzie Sweeney. How to induce Teachers to attend Institutes.—P. J. Little. How to Teach Language to Children.—Miss M. Denny. State use of hearing Lessons.—Miss A. Haid. State the extent of Teachers Duties.—Miss K. Wallace.

Teachers are requested to bring their School Management, and Talks on Teaching.

LEADER.

Got Away With $1,900 in Cash.

It is alleged here this afternoon, says Saturday's Greensburg *Record*, that S. A. Covert, a resident of Orbisonia, Huntingdon county, and the sub-contractor of the brickwork on the new St. Joseph's Academy building at this place, skipped this morning taking with him $1,900 in cash with which he was to have paid his workmen. He was given a check for $800 by Contractor Hughes yesterday, which is the amount that Covert got out of the St. Joseph contractor The other $1,100 Covert raised on the contract of a building at Homestead on Saturday. The runaway contractor shipped his trunk from the Fisher House to St. Mary's, near Harrisburg, and took Oyster Express west himself. They are after him.

Agricultural Progression.

The Burgoon end of White township is in a flourishing condition nowadays. New houses, new barns, new improvements, new ideas,—yes, and new babies! When the new railroad takes out through that section, it will cap the climax, and inaugurate a new epoch entirely.

Nothing like a new departure once-in-a-while, it is like nature going on a recreation, taking a glass of sweet cider, as it were!

There is talk of putting the old log-house in a glass case as a relic of the past for the rising generation to cut its teeth on, as it were. Its wisdom teeth, we mean.

Larry has built a new house just above the old log establishment, the former "pride of the patch," in the palmy days when the woodman's axe rang through the forest, and when bears and wolves hadn't all escaped from Barnum's museum.

What a difference for the better man's improvements make on the face of God's earth! A snug human habitation gives charm, and life, and meaning to the fair face of nature. It fixes a home and rendezvous for animate beings, and even the domestic plants and weeds love there to congregate. Horses, cattle, hogs, chickens, birds and rabbits, all congregate about their master as they did in Eden of old. Without the dog and cat, a home would be incomplete. A man on a good farm, and thus surrounded, is in a small paradise. Let him, then, thank the Great Giver of all this good, and live as the "lord of creation" ought to live.

A. D. H.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, November 9th, 1887:

Jackson Ripple, Johnstown, and Annie Bacefoot, Bedford Co.

Joseph Dunegan and Mary Noel, Clearfield township.

Philip Fleming and Ann Gallagher, East Taylor township.

William H. Bice and Mary J. Warner, Johnstown.

Joseph Gousaet and Ann Nayser, Cambria.

Alfred Emanuel, Baker's Mines and Amelia Brown, Reade township.

Frank Hankey and Rachel Fisher, Cambria.

Christopher Shoemaker and Rachel Pile, Conemaugh.

Joseph Kist and Elizabeth Helstine, Conemaugh.

William H. Schrom, York, Pa., and Gwennie Findley, Woodvale Bor.

Aloysius F. Fox, Susquehanna township and Emma McComble, Carroll township.

—WANTED.—A respectable man to handle our famous Rubber Stamp, etc., in this district. McMahon Bros. & Adams, 212 Penn avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. Oldshue,
534 Grant Street,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

DIED.

NOEL.—Died at his home in Munster township, on Thursday, November 3d, 1887, Mr. Joseph Noel, aged about 80 years.

KAYLOR.—Died at the residence of John Kane, in Munster, on Wednesday, November 2d, 1887, Miss Mary Kaylor, aged about 25 years.

DALEY.—Died at her home in Gallitzin, on Saturday, November 5th, 1887, Mrs. Margaret Daley, aged about 60 years.

COMMISSIONERS' SALE
—OF—
Seated and Unseated LANDS!

THE COMMISSIONERS OF CAMBRIA COUNTY will offer at Public Sale in the Court House, in Ebensburg, on

Monday, December 12, 1887.

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

the following pieces and tracts of seated and unseated lands which were purchased at Treasurer's Sales, and have been held five years subject to, but without redemption. If the lands are not sold on said day, the sale will be continued from day to day until all the said lands have been sold.

SEATED LANDS.

Acres.	Perch's.	NAMES.	Year of Purchases.
		Adams Township.	
100		Daniel Murphy	1880
		Allegheny Township.	
1		Samuel Wilt	1880
		Barr Township.	
23		Jos. Reffner	1880
50		Jacob Burley	1882
		Cresson Township.	
40		Theodore Mangus	1880
75		Jacob Burkey	1880
35		William D. Miller	1880
61		S. Jospeh Ned	1880
1		David A. Bortne	1880
1		Jas. O'Conner	1880
1		Jno. Tully	1880
1		Jacob Nanskin	1882
1		Jacob Fringle	1882
		Cambria Township.	
50		Mary Striver	1880
50		Mary Rose	1880
25		Jacob and Geo. Schrift	1882
120		R. Nolf & Rackel	1882
1		Wm. J. Jones	1882
		Clearfield Township.	
25		Robert Hewit	1880
		East Conemaugh Bor.	
		John Shaffer	1880
1		S. H. Benett	1882
		Conemaugh Township.	
1		James Nilson (est)	1880
		Samuel Miller	1880
		Abe Goughnur	1880
1		Isaac Hawn	1880
		Lewis Bannier, (Im's 1)	1882
		Croyle Township.	
		John Loved	1878
		Elder Township.	
25		Robert Hewit	1880
		Gallitzin Borough.	
1		Henry Johnston	1880
		John McHugh	1880
		Gallitzin Township.	
¼		Philip Clark (est)	1880
		Jackson Township.	
50		Michael J. Ruger	1880
		Johnstown Borough 1st Ward.	
½	½	Samuel Smagle	1882
		Johnstown Borough 5th Ward.	
		August Blackburn	1882
		Daniel Tobin	1882
1		Henry Freese	1882
		Charles Murray	1882
1		Christ Hauer	1882
		Henry Michaels	1882
		Munster Township.	
		Henry McIntosch	1880
		Portage Township.	
25		Ross McGough	1880
		Same	1880
121		Joseph Heiser	1880
1		Rosanna McEntee	1882
100		C. O. George	1882
137		Christ Hauer	1882
1		Isaac Shaffer	1882
		Prospect Borough.	
		Matthew McDermott	1880
		Anthony Cameron	1882
1		Sarah A. Green	1882
		Richland Township.	
		Patrick Dorsey	1882
		Reade Township.	
20		Hollen Confer	1882
		Susquehanna Township.	
80		Joseph Craver	1880
2		Joseph Stiffer	1882
		Taylor Township.	
		John H. Good	1880
		Anthony Prescott	1880
		Michael Jutz	1880
		Michael Cute	1880
		Stonycreek Township.	
1		Nicholas Noor	1880
		H. F. Slick	1880
		White Township.	
2		Daniel Heisel	1878
1		Mc Shirley Jefferies	1880
1		Samuel Axio	1888
		Alex. C. Gray	1882
		Washington Township.	
½		Samuel Thomas	1878
11		Thomas Barron	1880
1		Catharine McCullough	1880
5		Patrick Dondy	1880
1		G. E. Smith	1882
1		F. P. Myers	1882
1		James McMahnn	1882
		Yoder Township.	
200		Wadsworth M	1880
400		Jacob Gates	1880
50		John Lohr	1880
120		Geo. Gates (est)	1880
200		Same	1880
1		Jermiah Pinrod	1880
		Yoder Township.	
		Thomas Myers	1882
1		Sylvester Garity	1882
		W. E. Smith	1882
1		John White	1882
1		Fennel Eldridge	1882
1		Chas. Brode	1882
		Daniel H. Richard, Jr.	1882
1		Geo. Davis	1882
10		P. J. Haws	1882
1		John O'Conner	1882
1		Joseph Jenkins	1882
1		Baltzer & Co.	1882

UNSEATED LANDS.

Acs.	Per's.	NAMES.	Year of Purchases.
		Adams Township.	
400		Henry Rice	1880
400		O'Neill	1882
		Barr Township.	
50		Daniel Barr (part)	1880
		Blacklick Township.	
7	112	William Cameron	1880
		Cambria Township.	
80		William Burnhamer	1880
25		Jno. Boyd	1880
		Chest Township.	
279		Fluney & Barrow & Co	1880
		Dean Township.	
320		John Brotherline	1880
400		Andrew Grayson	1882
		Jackson Township.	
42		Alex. Hunter	1878
100		David Stibb	1880
150		Samuel Stibb	1880
50		Jno. Stoel	1880
68		Isaac Hower	1880
		Reade Township.	
400		Jas. E. Davis	1882
200		Jno. Beil	1882
400		Patrick Boteland	1882
		Taylor Township.	
15		Mary Whitman	1882
		White Township.	
98		Henry Phillips	1880
50		Fred Deursh	1880
20		William Coats	1880
		Gallitzin Township.	
145	123	John Gray	1882
		Washington Township.	
504		Michael Ryan	1870

The owners of the above pieces and tracts of land desiring to redeem them, can do so by applying to the Commissioners at their office before the time of the sale, and by paying the amount of the purchase by the Commissioners, accrued taxes since, and interest on said amounts, together with the costs of [illegible] and all of the advertisement.

DAVID HAMILTON, }
JAMES COSTLOW, } Commissioners
JOHN K. RBY. }

D. A. McGOUGH, Clerk.

Ebensburg, Nov. 10, '87.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS THE HON. ROBERT L. JOHNSTON, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, of the 47 h Judicial District consisting of the County of Cambria, has issued his precept bearing date the 15th day of September 1887, to me directed for holding a Court of Over and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, and Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in Ebensburg for the County of Cambria and to commence on the First Monday of June, 1887, and to continue two weeks.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Coroner, Justices of Peace, Aldermen, and Constables of said county of Cambria, that they be then and there in their proper person, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the Jail of Cambria county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

GIVEN under my hand at Ebensburg, the 31st day of October, in the year of our Lord 1887, and the One Hundred and Twelfth Year of the Independence of the United States.

JOS. A. GRAY, Sheriff.

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1887.

NOTICE—Notice is hereby given that the following accounts have been filed in the Court of Common Pleas, of Cambria county, and will be confirmed by said court on the next Monday of December next, unless cause be shown to the contrary.

The account of Wm. H Smay, Assignee of John Roehm and wife for benefit of creditors.

First and final account of Benjamin Benshoff, committee of Christian Snyder, dec'd.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Pro'y.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Hannah E. Weible by her next friend John Whisin } IN the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county. No. 1, June Term, 1887.
vs. } Alias Subpœna in Divorce.
Frank Weible.

COUNTY OF CAMBRIA, SS.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.

To PETER KELLY, GREETING:

WE COMMAND YOU, as I er-fore commanded, that all matter of business and excuses being set aside you be and appear in your proper person before our Judge, at Ebensburg, at our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the first Monday of December next, to show cause, if any you have, why your wife Hannah E. Weible, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which she has contracted with you the said Frank Weible, agreeable to Petition and Libel exhibited against you before our said Court, and this you shall in no wise omit at your peril.

WITNESS, the Honorable Robert L. Johnston, President Judge of our said Court, this 10 day of November, A. D. 1887.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Pro'y.

Ebensburg, November 11, 1887.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Henry Flick, late of Allegheny township, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, a resident in said township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

WM. J. BUCK, }
ANN E. GLASS, } Adm'rs.

Ebensburg, Nov. 9, '87.

REGISTER'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the following named accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's office at Ebensburg, in and for the county of Cambria, and will be presented at the Orphans' Court of said county for confirmation and allowance on Wednesday, December 7, A. D 1887, to wit:

1. The first and final account of Anglebert Bender, executor of Mary Luther, late of Carroll township, deceased.

2. The second and final account of John H. Douglas', surviving executor of Thomas Adams, Sr., late of Clearfield township, deceased.

3. The second and final account of Elias Rowland, executor of John Lonz, deceased, late of Jackson township.

4. The first and final account of A. W. Buck, administrator of Stephen G. Callat, deceased, late of Washington township.

5. The first account of Sylvester W. Byrne, guardian of minor children of William Young, deceased.

6. First and final account of John S. Overberger, executor of Michael Overberger, late of Carroll township, deceased.

7. First and final account of M. L. Glasgow and W. E. Glasgow, administrators of Eliza Noble, late of Reade township, deceased.

8. The first and final account of Job Morgan, administrator C. T. A. of Richard Morgan, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

9. First and final account of Catharine and Will Hall W. Garman, administrators of William A. late of Ebensburg borough, deceased.

10. First and partial account of Evan Thomas, administrator of Eliza Thomas, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

11. The account of H. J. Roberts, administrator Susan L. Morrell, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

12. First and final account of Joseph Heslop, administrator of Mary Heslop, late of Upper Yoder township deceased.

13. First account of William M. Dodson, guardian of minor children of Joseph Fleidhouse, late of Millville borough, deceased.

14. Third and final account of John D. Reese, administrator of Joseph Fleidhouse, late of Millville borough, deceased.

15. First and final account of Joseph Hogue, administrator c. t. a. of Teresa Sdanlan, late of Cambria township, deceased.

16. First and final account of W. J. Hauer, administrator of Frederick Shade, late of Lower Yoder township, deceased.

17. Second account of John H. Douglas, guardian of minor children of Magdalena Luther late of Clearfield township, deceased.

18. First account of Joel Gates, administrator of Daniel H. Danley, late of White township, deceased.

19. First account of Joseph A. Gray, trustee to sell real estate of F. X. Christy, late of Gallitzin township, deceased.

20. First account of Joseph Youngkin, trustee to sell real estate of David Youngkin, late of Reade township, deceased.

21. First and final account of O. J. Westover, administrator of John Westover, late of Susquehanna township, deceased.

CELESTINE J. BLAIR, Register.

Ebensburg, Nov. 7, 1887.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Minerva Eckels by her next friend John W. Harris } IN the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county. No. 1, June Term, 1887.
vs. } Alias Subpœna in Divorce.
Grant Eckels.

COUNTY OF CAMBRIA, SS.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.

To GRANT B. ECKELS, GREETING:

WE COMMAND YOU, as heretofore commanded, that all matter of business and excuses being set aside you be and appear in your proper person before our Judge, at Ebensburg, at our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the first Monday of December next, to show cause, if any you have, why your wife Minerva Eckels should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which she has contracted with you the said Grant Eckels, agreeable to Petition and Libel exhibited against you before our said Court, and this you shall in no wise omit at your peril.

WITNESS the Honorable Robert L. Johnston, President Judge of our said Court, this 10 day of November, A. D. 1887.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Pro'y.

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1887.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Elizabeth Hengentable by her next friend Henry Bower } IN the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county. No. 1 June Term, 1887. Alias Subpœna in Divorce.
vs.
John C. Hengentable.

COUNTY OF CAMBRIA, SS.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.

To JOHN C. HENGENTABLE, GREETING:

WE COMMAND YOU, as heretofore commanded, that all matter of business and excuses being set aside you be and appear in your proper person before our Judge, at Ebensburg, at our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the first Monday of December next, to show cause, if any you have, why your wife Elizabeth Hengentable, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which she hath contracted with you the said John C. Hengentable, agreeable to Petition and Libel exhibited against you before our said Court, and this you shall in no wise omit at your peril.

WITNESS the Honorable Robert L. Johnston, President Judge of our said Court, this 10th day of November, A. D. 1887.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Pro'y.

Ebensburg, December 11, 1887.

TRIAL LIST.

Blanch & Stutzman	vs.	R. & O. R. R. Co.
Thomas	vs.	Reese.
McLaughlin	vs.	Flinn.
Wickham	vs.	Vinton.
Brubaker	vs.	Yarnall.
Same	vs.	Same.
Krause	vs.	Same.
King	vs.	C. U. Co. & N. Y. S. & R. R. Co.
Dibert	vs.	Bradley, et. al.
Reams Adm'r	vs.	McGough.
McClaugh	vs.	Ivory.
Tecler	vs.	McKenna.
Cole's use	vs.	Nobley.
Myers	vs.	Harbord.
Flick	vs.	Loretto Bor.
Goff	vs.	Walton.
Notley	vs.	Kramer, Mann & Co.
Shoemaker	vs.	Benner.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Pro'y.

Ebensburg, Nov. 7, 1887.

Widow's Appraisements.

Notice is hereby given that the following appraisements and lists of property appraised, and set apart for widows of decedent under the Act of Assembly of the 4th of April, 1851, having been filed in the Registers office, at Ebensburg, in and for the County of Cambria, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of said county for confirmation and allowance on Wednesday, December 7th, 1887, to wit:

1. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Elizabeth Stattle, widow of Joseph Stattle, deceased, $220.

2. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Susan Lauther, widow of Valentine Louther, deceased, $300.

3. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Rebecca Gallagher, widow of James Gallagher, deceased, $300.

4. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Catherine Gans, widow of Lenard Gans, deceased, $254.20.

5. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Josephin Brickner, widow of Joseph Brickner, deceased, $277.

6. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Catherine Sedelmyer, widow of F. X. Sedelmyer, deceased, $80.85.

7. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Monica Litzinger, widow of William Litzinger, deceased, $257.

CELESTINE J. BLAIR, Reg'r.

Ebensburg, Nov. 7, 1887.

Orphans' Court Sale.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, I will offer at public sale on the premises, on

SATURDAY, DEC. 3, 1887.

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.

the following described real estate to wit:

All that certain piece or parcel of land of which John Noel died, seized, situate in the township of Munster, in said county, adjoining lands of P. J. Sanders, Healy Wilbert and others, containing one hundred acres, more or less. About seventy acres are cleared and in cultivation. There is a two story frame dwelling house and a large barn and an orchard of excellent fruit trees on said premises.

TERMS.—One fifth of the amount of the bid when the property is stricken down the remainder in two equal annual payments there after, with interest, to be be secured by the bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

WM. H. SECHLER,

Trustee to make sale of the real estate of John Noel, deceased.

Ebensburg, Nov. 8, 1887.

EXECUTORS NOTICE—Estate of Christofer Robine, dec'd. Letters testamentary on the estate of Christopher Robine, late of the borough of Lilly, Cambria county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to

PETER ROBINE, Jr.,
JAMES CALLAHAN,
Executors of Christopher Robine, dec'd.

Lilly, Pa., September 27, 1887.

Adjourned Orphans' Court Sale.

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the Exchange Hotel in the borough of Chest Springs on

TUESDAY, NOV. 15, 1887,

AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M.

the following valuable real estate, viz:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Matthew Ivory, heirs of J. C. Ivory, Patrick McAteer, Francis Ivory and Joe. Dysart & Son, containing one hundred acres, more or less, having thereon erected a two story frame house, a barn and outbuildings, all in good repair. There is an abundance of good water and a fine orchard on the premises.

TERMS of sale:—One third of the purchase money to be paid at the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments with interest, to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

JOSEPH A. GRAY,
Trustee to sell the real estate of Bernard Donegan, dec'd.

Ebensburg, Nov. 3d, 1887.

Adjourned Orphans' Court Sale.

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the Exchange Hotel in the borough of Chest Springs on

TUESDAY, NOV. 15, 1887.

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.

the following described Timber Land, viz:

A certain piece or parcel of unseated land situated in Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded on the east by land of John Durbin and Michael Wyrick, on the south by land of John Carlarlin and others, on the north by land of Hugh Regan and John Lundy, containing one hundred and thirty acres, more or less. This land is densely covered with valuable timber.

TERMS.—One third of the purchase money to be paid at the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bonds and mortgage of the purchaser.

CELESTINE McMULLEN,
Trustee to sell certain real estate of
MATTHEW McMULLEN, dec'd.

Nov. 4th, 1887.

RECEIVER'S NOTICE.—The undersigned having been appointed receiver of the assigned property, rights, and effects, real personal, and mixed, of the late firm of Isaac Dodd, and Geo. A. McCormick doing business under the firm name of Dodd & Co., of which firm Geo. A. McCormick is the surviving partner, all persons indebted to said firm, are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands, will please make known the same without delay.

A. J. ANDERSON,
Receiver of DODD & CO.

Altoona, Oct. 20, 1887.

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Students practically educated for the business and situations furnished when competent. Address Manager, SHERMAN TELEGRAPH CO., Oberlin, O

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By dealing with us you are not only sure of saving money but also of being correctly and fashionably dressed and of securing strictly first-class, reliable goods in every Department.

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3 times as large as that of any other House in Johnstown,

embracing all descriptions of good working garments, business garments, and fine dress garments. No goods of the trashy description ever offered for sale in our establishment.

WOOLF, SON & THOMAS.

THE BOTTOM
IS REACHED AT LAST.

The largest stock of hardware ever offered in the County can be found at my store. I am now selling many goods at much less than I can replace them for, but I will continue to sell at Bottom Prices until I am compelled to replenish my stock. When you want a cooking or heating stove, tinware hardware, nails, iron, glass, trunks and farming implements, call and see my stock and learn my prices.

Aug 13, '85.

G. HUNTLEY,
HIGH STREET, — — — EBENSBURG

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SAFES!
OUR VICTOR
Household & Office Safes

THE

A STRANGE STORY.

Diver Outdone by an English Missionary in His Travels in South America.

Rev. Chumley, an English Missionary, arrived in Philadelphia some time ago on his way to his home in England. He was almost destitute and could not journey further without assistance. He was compelled to appeal for help to a number of persons, and finally met a philanthropic citizen, who was moved by his story, and undertook to bear the cost of his transportation to Bristol, England, of which place he is a native.

He is about 42 years old, exceptionally tall, of spare form, but very muscular. In conversation his voice is pleasant, his features animated and his eyes sparkling. Certainly the story he tells of his career in the past two years is a most remarkable one, though it is to some extent corroborated by substantial evidence in the shape of small tablets of stone bearing certain rude inscriptions which he says were circulated as money among a barbarous people by whom he was held captive. He intends giving it to the public in book form, but talks freely on the subject. "I sailed from Liverpool for South America April 23, 1882, in the steamer Ella West, commissioned as a missionary of the Women's Presbyterian Foreign Missionary Society. We reached Rio Janerio May 28, after a rough voyage, and after a short rest I entered on my labors in Brazil. I did not make much headway except among the poorer natives, but my success was sufficiently encouraging. During a year and a half I traversed the empire and with God's assistance made a small army of converts. I penetrated to Bolivia, and at last, going north on the Gampore river, struck a densely wooded country. The climate is extremely hot all the year round.

"In September, 1884, I was stricken with intermittent fever. My two Brazilian attendants cared for me faithfully, but in a frenzy I left the tent and wandered off into the forest. When I became conscious I was extremely weak, and found myself absolutely naked, lying on a heap of dead leaves in a sort of crate constructed of stout sticks. My body was thickly covered with a yellow ointment which had removed every hair. My head was in the same condition. Looking around to discover where I was, I found myself evidently in the center of a village. The houses, or huts, were evidently of mud, stones and trees. In a few minutes, it having been noticed that I was moving about, people began to gather around my cage. They examined me with great interest, and I had the greatest interest in examining them. They were mostly women, tall, well-formed and of a nut-brown color. The few men I saw were absolutely dwarfs and nearly every one carried a female infant in his arms. The women were armed with clubs and with sharpened points and were evidently prepared for some violent outbreak on my part. Some of them poked me with sticks and seemed astonished that I did not tear around my cage. I addressed them in Spanish and several of the polnis I had acquired, but they did not understand me and jabbered in a gutteral chatter. I made them understand that I desired something to eat and drink by pantomime, which they understood and I was brought some liquor which derives his strength from chewed maize and some raw flesh. The latter I could not bring to eat, but I drank the liquor. A child pushed a thick cake into my cage. It was composed of pounded maize and water. This I ate with avidity and more of the same kind was given me.

THE MISSIONARY IS OBSERVING.

"I was not taken from the cage for over a month, but was fed on the maize cake and liquor and raw meat, which in time I became able to eat. The crate was moved daily and a fresh bed of leaves given me. I could observe but little in such a position, except to see that the females were numerically and physically superior to the men. I was given to understand by the women who had been placed as a guard in charge of me that I would be severely dealt with in case I attempted to escape, and such a close watch was left on my movements that I lived for more than a year and a half among these peculiar people, the Tucapalitzms, as nearly as I can spell it. Before the opportunity offered to escape. In that time I learned much that will astonish the scientific world. Briefly stated, the women are the ruling sex, and the government is vested in an elected female triumvirate, whose sway is absolute. The men are on a ratio of one in twelve, and the horrible custom prevails of murdering male infants by driving a stake through them, except such as are born during a period corresponding with the first twenty-six days of July in each year. The growth of those who are allowed to live is restricted by artificial means. All the people numbering about 1,000 gather in the village square at noon every day and worship an idol representing a woman with three heads. Maize is cultivated, together with some vegetables that grow wild, and the people live on these, together with the flesh of animals and birds, wild and domestic, which are killed with clubs and stones. The bodies are anointed with gum drawn from a tree and mixed with grease, which compound removes all hair, which is considered unclean. This gum has curative properties of great value. Of horses and oxen there are several hundred in the village, which have neither tails nor ears, and are hairless through the agency of the napatam, as the ointment I speak of is termed. There is a remarkable bird among the domestic pets. It resembles a pelican, but the neck is from three to five feet long, and the ungainly fowl can twist its neck into a knot or wrap it around its body. It lives on smaller birds, which it catches by darting the head forward with lightning-like rapidity.

The Voice of the People on Wine.

It is a well known fact that wines above all other liquors are grossly adulterated, but when a pure article is placed on the market and people find it out to be pure, they all with one voice recommend it. The Port Grape Wine from the vineyards of Alfred Speer, of Passaic N. J. has received the unqualified endorsement of the medical faculty and of thousands of invalids who have been won back to health by their use. For sale by druggists.

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THE NEW QUININE.

GIVES GOOD APPETITE STRENGTH, QUIET NERVES, HAPPY DAYS, SWEET SLEEP.

A POWERFUL TONIC,
A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,
and all Germ Diseases.

The most scientific and successful Blood Purifier. Superior to quinine.

Dr. John C. Starbrough, Salina, N. C., writes: "I had malaria in the Southern army and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was finally run down when I heard of Kaskine, the new specific. It helped me at once. I gained 45 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years."

Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, when stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application.

Letters from the above persons, giving full details will be sent on application.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists, or can be sent on receipt of price.
THE KASKINE CO., 81 Warren St., New York.

DR. SINE'S SYRUP CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

"Rough on Rats."
clears out rats, mice, roaches flies, ants, bedbugs.

Heart Pains.
Palpitation, dropsical swellings, anæmia, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by Wells' Health Renewer.

"Rough on Corns."
Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Buchu-Paiba."
Quick, complete cure, all kidney, bladder and urinary diseases; smarting, scalding, irritation, stone, gravel, catarrh of the bladder. $1, druggists.

Bed-Bugs, Flies.
Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Thin People.
"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

"Rough on Pain."
Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. 25c. Rough on Pain Plaster, 15c.

Mothers.
If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Well's Health Renewer," $1. Druggists.

Life Preserver.
If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Piles."
Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

Pretty Women.
Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Well's Health Renewer."

"Rough on Itch."
"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

"Rough on Catarrh."
Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst catarrh; also unequaled as a gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

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Children, clear the decks! Wells' Health Renewer, joyful, nervous and delicate use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Catarrh of the Bladder.
Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all kidney and urinary complaints cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1

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"Rough on Rats" clears them out, also beetles ants.

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LEAVES—NORTHWARD.	No. 1. A. M.	No. 2. A. M.	No. 3. P. M.
Cresson,	9.00	11.10	4.25
Lilly's,	9.07	11.20	4.35
Munster,	9.14	11.29	4.42
Noel,	9.19	11.35	4.48
Kaylor,	9.23	11.41	4.53
Bradley,	9.30	11.47	5.02
Ebensburg,	9.40	12.01	5.15

LEAVES—SOUTHWARD.	No. 1. A. M.	No. 2. A. M.	No. 3. P. M.
Ebensburg,	7.00	10.00	3.00
Bradley,	7.17	10.03	3.13
Kaylor,	7.23	10.15	3.24
Noel,	7.28	10.20	3.29
Munster,	7.33	10.25	3.36
Lilly's,	7.39	10.31	3.42
Cresson,	7.46	10.40	4.00

Cresson and Coalport R. R. Schedule.

LEAVES—NORTHWARD.	Mail A. M.	Exp. P. M.
Cresson,	9.10	5.20
Wilmore,	9.28	5.40
Lowman,	9.32	5.36
Anatoky,	9.43	5.44
Ashville,	9.52	5.51
Millside,	10.00	5.57
Dysarts,	10.06	6.01
Condron,	10.10	6.05
Dean,	10.15	6.09
Frugality,	10.27	6.17
Shirley,	10.33	6.23
Fallen Timber,	10.37	6.27
Flyn City,	10.49	6.34
Coalport,	11.01	6.45
Rossland,	11.04	6.45
Irvona,	11.10	6.50

LEAVES SOUTHWARD.	Mail P. M.	Exp. A. M.
Irvona,	2.30	7.00
Rossland,	2.36	7.05
Coalport,	2.78	7.07
Flyn City,	2.47	7.16
Fallen Timber,	2.57	7.25
Shirley,	3.00	7.27
Frugality,	3.06	7.33
Dean,	3.19	7.41
Condron,	3.29	7.45
Dysart,	3.25	7.49
Millside,	3.28	7.52
Ashville,	3.33	8.00
Anatoky,	3.42	8.05
Dawson,	3.52	8.15
Wildwood,	3.55	8.17
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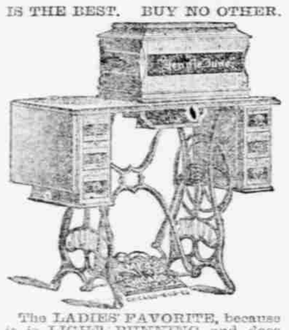

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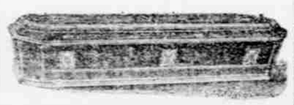

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Smile Whenever you Can.

When things don't go to suit you
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown;
Since life if oft' perplexing,
'Tis much the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely
And smile whene'er you can.

Why should you dread the morrow,
And thus dispoil to-day?
For when you borrow trouble
You always have to pay.
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached—
Don't cross the bridge before you
Until the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing
If you would keep in mind
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined.
There must be something wanting,
And though the roll in wealth
You may miss from your casket
That precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy
You may have an empty purse
(And earth has many trials
Which I consider worse);
But whether joy or sorrow
Fill up your mortal span,
'Twill make your pathway brighter
To smile whene'er you can.

The Estray Law.

After diligent inquiry and careful observation we have come to the conclusion that the estray law is a sealed book to many people—including lawyers, justices of the peace and judges of the Supreme Court—and have decided to enlighten our readers on the question. If any horse, cow or sheep shall trespass on your premises it shall be your duty to shut it up and notify the township clerk, and within four days thereafter give an accurate description of the said critter. Neglect or refuse to do this may cause you to forfeit and pay the sum of five dollars. The township clerk is required to register a description of strays in a book kept for that purpose. Neglect or refuse to do so subjects him to pay a like penalty. Then if the owner does not appear within thirty days, you must publish description in at least one newspaper in the county, and if the owner does not appear within ninety days thereafter you must make application to a justice of the peace in the township, who shall cause his warrant to be issued to any constable in the township who shall cause the stray to be sold at public sale, giving ten days previous notice. Then the constable must make return of his sale to the said justice, who after paying all reasonable charges, including costs of keeping, advertising, &c., shall pay over the balance, if there be any, to the county treasurer. If the owner returns within one year, and proves property, the treasurer shall, upon certificates from the justice, pay over the balance of said surplus to him. But if he does not return within the time specified, the money is forfeited to the county. If any person taking up a stray shall neglect to give notice as prescribed by law, the owner can take the same away without paying any reward, recompense, or fee whatsoever. For it is so nominated in the book. The following amendment was afterward proposed and passed: "The provisions of the Act of the 23d of April, 1807, together with its strays, be and the same is hereby extended to mules."

Success in Farming.

I have frequently noticed that the man who does not succeed on the farm will not succeed anywhere else; also that the man who does succeed on the farm will also succeed in any other occupation; in fact, success is the reward of energy rather than the circumstances of occupation. The man who succeeds on the farm is the man who keeps it in a high state of fertility, raises good crops by thorough cultivation, keeps good stock rather than scrubs, houses his stock and farm implements, don't have business in town every day, is too tired at nights to go coon hunting, would rather go to church Sunday than lie around on the grass under the shade; in fact is alive to every advanced idea, both in the theory and practice. He will accumulate either here or in the west, because he has the elements of success in him. I know scores of common farmers who only raise a few acres of wheat, because "it don't pay," at the present price, and all they want is their bread; raise only a few hogs, because there is no money in pork; sell the calves for veal, or keep them until fall and then sell for six or seven dollars; feed the fodder over in the lane, so the stalks fill up the mud holes; let the horse stable go uncleaned until the horses' hind feet are on a level with their heads, nearly, and when the stable is cleaned out, pile it beside the barn to fire-fang and rot down the barn. All these say that farming don't pay. This, indeed, would be a bad showing if there was no other side to the question, but where you see a farm well kept up in fertility, with no cat holes filled with brush, clean fence-rows, good fences, improved stocks, well painted buildings, with an air of thrift throughout—that man will tell you that he owes his prosperity to his well kept farm, and will advise you to go and do likewise. I will end this article by the following motto, which I saw on the shop of a thrifty mechanic some years ago: "Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee."

BORING A SQUARE HOLE.—A man in Iowa has spent fourteen years in solving the problem of boring a square hole, and has succeeded. A company is organized to put his invention on the market. It is simply an oscillating head with chisel edges and projecting lips, which cut out the corners in advance of the chisel. The balance of the machine is an almost exact counterpart of the old styled boring machine. It will cut a two by four mortise in from four to five minutes, and doing it with perfect accuracy, that a carpenter cannot possibly complete in less than half an hour.

BURYING CABBAGE FOR WINTER USE.—The usual mode of burying cabbage for winter use is with the roots up and exposed, as seen in the cuts. This plan applies to cabbage that is already fully headed, the object in inverting them being to turn off the water.

UTTERLY DISCOURAGED
expresses the feeling of many victims of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica and nervous or sick headache. Having tried numberless so-called remedies, and physicians of all schools, without relief, there seems to be no hope. Many such have as a last resort tried Athlophoros, and to their surprise and joy have found that it was a safe, sure and quick cure. Athlophoros is not an experiment; thousands have been cured by its use and they testify as to its value.
Shekomeko, Dutchess Co. N. Y. Aug. 20, '86
I took Athlophoros according to directions; it caused a ringing in my ear that was not pleasant, it operated on my heart causing a slower and fainter throb, and constipated my bowels. When the last dose was taken I did not think much of the medicine; the next day my lameness was better, and continued getting less until it left me. My lameness was in my back, shoulders and neck, and had been for eight months. I was advised to try Athlophoros by my neighbor, Wm. Jackson, who had taken a bottle of it for a severe attack of lameness in his shoulder and arm. He said "it drove the lameness right out of me; my head felt strong, and my heart almost stopped beating; I thought I would die, but I came out all right, and have not had any lameness since." AMOS BRIGGS.
Phelps, N. Y., August 13, 1886.
I am a practicing physician; I prescribed Athlophoros in a case of inveterate rheumatism of the right shoulder and arm. This case had been of weeks standing—yes months—and resisted medicine carefully selected, also the use of electric treatment. One bottle removed all the trouble. The case remains well, now over a year since using the medicine.
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Questions of Ownership.

The beginnings of acquisitiveness are seen in the impulse which very young children display to snatch at, or beg for, any object which pleases their attention. Later, when they begin to speak, among the first words they emphasize are "me" and "mine." Their earliest quarrels with each other are about questions of ownership; and parents of twins soon learn that it conduces to a quiet house to buy all presents in impartial duplicate. Every one knows how difficult a thing it is not to covert whatever pleasing thing we see, and how the sweetness of the thing often is as gall to us so long as it is another's. When another is in possession, the impulse to appropriate the thing often turns into the impulse to harm him—what is called envy, or jealousy, ensues. In civilized life the impulse to own is usually checked by a variety of considerations, and only passes over into action under circumstances legitimated by habit and common consent.

PUTTING UP POTATOES.—As a great many people are contemplating buying potatoes for winter use, it would be well to see that they are thoroughly dry before storing away in the cellar. A farmer tells us that the potatoes sprout more when put in barrels than any other way. The vegetable like all other of its kind must of necessity have air, and hence it is deprived of this essential requisite when put away in barrels. The safest way is to spread them out on the cellar floor if it is not damp.

FRESH AIR.—The air is the only agent which keeps the blood pure and enables it to circulate and impart life-power to the system. It no less sustains life, by imparting this wonderful property to the blood, than by expelling the impurities or worn-out matter which the veins have collected and brought to the lungs for expulsion, and which if left in the system but a few moments, would cause death.

ON THE UPPER CONGO.

Human Sacrifice Among the Ba-yanzi, Beheading a Victim.

"The revolting custom of human sacrifice," says Mr. Glave, "is carried on to a horrible extent on the Upper Congo river, principally by the Ba-yanzi tribes. All slaves, both men and women, are liable to this barbarity. These people are under the impression that a man dying in this world is simply transferred to another, there to carry on exactly the same existence, requiring the same food and attendance. Upon the death of a chief his relatives or friends kill about half his slaves, men and women, to go with him, they say, to attend to his wants, and to serve for his protection; it being very infra dig. for a chief to make his entry into the next world without a certain following. The women are strangled; a rope is put round the neck of the victim, a man climbs a tree and ties the rope to a branch, the woman being held up, so that when they let her go she is swung in midair in her dying struggles; these cause great merriment among the spectators, not thinking that at least a great many of them will share the same fate sooner or later. The men are beheaded.

"The victim is seated on a log of wood; two stakes are then driven into the ground, one on each side of him, and as high as his houlder; bands are then put round his body, inclosing it in these stakes, then two stakes are driven by his knees and two by his ankles, one at each side, and he is securely bound to them with rope. A ring of cane is then put round his neck, with several leaders of string, which are drawn up and tied in a knot above his head; a pliable pole, about eighteen feet long, is then driven into the ground nine feet from the man's seat. It is bent down just above the man's head; a small piece of rope is fastened to the top of the pole, and the other end of the rope is made fast to the knot above the man's head. This being low at very strong tension the whole body is quite immovable, and the neck is stretched to its full extent. The executioner then makes his appearance. He makes a chalk mark on the poor fellow's neck; then with one blow severs the head from the trunk. The spectators at this seem to lose all control over themselves. They tear down the head from the pole, and there is a ghastly scrimmage for it, often resulting in a free fight."

The Ba-yanzi, however, with all these cruel customs, are superior to some of the other nations of the Congo. They make pottery, neat wooden furniture and other articles, often decorated with taste, build neat houses, especially at the town Bolobo, and are skilled in working iron and other metals, fabricating knives and hatchets, which they sell to the Ba-teke and the Wa-buma. They are fond of music, and the tones of their five stringed lyre and of the marimba, a sort of dulcimer, with thin slips of metal arranged as keys on a sounding board, are sweetly sonorous. They cultivate maize, sweet potato, sugar, tobacco, manico, banana, the oil palm and ground nuts, for trade, and semi-tropical fruits, such as the orange and pineapple, introduced from the Portuguese of the west coast. They have no horses or oxen and few sheep, but keep goats, pigs and poultry; they catch fish in abundance, and preserve them by smoking.

The Ba-yanzi are not of the negro race, according to ethnologists, but belong purely to the "Bantu" family, which includes the people around Lake Tanganyika and Lake Nyassa, in Eastern Africa and on the Zambesi. Their skins are of a chocolate brown color; they are well shaped and have abundance of hair, but usually pluck out the beard, mustache, whiskers, eyebrows and eyelashes. They scar themselves on the breast, belly and temples with incised marks denoting the tribe; dye the hair and nails with a red pigment and stiffen their plaited tresses or pigtails with clay and grease; often stick parrot feathers and various other ornaments about their persons, and wear earrings, noserings, necklaces or bracelets, while one or two pieces of glass cloth suffice for the dress of the "fashionable lady of Lukungu."

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